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AMONG THE

GREAT MASTERS OF WARFARE

AMONG
THE GREAT MASTERS

By

Walter E. Rowlands

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Among the Great
Masters of Warfare

Scenes in the Lives of Famous Warriors

Thirty-two Reproductions of Famous Paintings
with Text by
Walter Rowlands

2249.94

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AMONG THE GREAT MASTERS OF WARFARE

Published October, 1902

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TO

My Son

"GASHED with honorable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendor through the sky."
— MONTGOMERY.

"A GENERAL is the head, the soul of an army; it was Cæsar, not the Roman army, who conquered Gaul; it was Hannibal, not the Carthaginian army, who made the Republic of Rome tremble at its gates; it was not the Macedonian army, but Alexander that reached the Indus; it was not the French army that warred on the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne; it was Frederick the Great, not the Prussian army, who defended Prussia for seven years against the three greatest powers of Europe." — NAPOLEON.

"ALL history is the decline of war, though the slow decline." — EMERSON.

"FOR what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man."
— SHAKESPEARE.

PREFACE

THE compiler's thanks are due to Mr. Loyall Farragut for permission to quote from his life of his father, published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and to Gen. James Grant Wilson for the use of a portion of his paper, "Recollections of Admiral Farragut," published in *The Criterion.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ALEXANDER	1
HANNIBAL	9
CÆSAR	16
ATTILA	26
CHARLEMAGNE	34
ROLAND	42
GODFREY DE BOUILLON	48
BARBAROSSA	53
CHARLES V.	57
ALVA	66
DRAKE	74
SPINOLA	84
WALLENSTEIN	88
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS	96
CROMWELL	104
TURENNE	115
CONDÉ	121

PAGE

MARLBOROUGH 129
PRINCE EUGENE 134
DESSAU 143
CHARLES XII. 150
MARSHAL SAXE 156
FREDERICK THE GREAT 163
WASHINGTON 171
BLÜCHER 180
NELSON 188
NAPOLEON 194
WELLINGTON 209
MOLTKE 217
FARRAGUT 225
GRANT 233

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
1807	*Frontispiece*
The Death of Alexander	4
Hannibal Crossing the Rhone	12
The Death of Cæsar	23
Attila	29
The Baptism of Witikind	40
Roland at Roncesvalles	46
Godfrey de Bouillon at the Siege of Jerusalem	51
The Death of Barbarossa	54
Charles V. at the Siege of Metz	61
A Family of Nobles before the Council of Blood	70
The Admiral of the Spanish Armada Surrenders to Drake	83
The Surrender of Breda	85
The Murder of Wallenstein	95

PAGE

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN 99
CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR . . . 106
THE DEATH OF TURENNE 118
LOUIS XIV. AND THE GREAT CONDÉ . . 128
MARLBOROUGH AT MALPLAQUET . . . 133
PRINCE EUGENE AT THE BATTLE OF ZENTA 139
THE COURTSHIP OF LEOPOLD OF DESSAU . 146
THE BURNING OF THE PALACE AT STOCKHOLM IN 1697 151
THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY 162
REPULSED AT TORGAU 169
WASHINGTON'S FIRST MEETING WITH LAFAYETTE 173
MARSHAL "VORWÄRTS" 183
NELSON LEAVING PORTSMOUTH, 1805 . . 191
NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON" 205
THE LAST RETURN FROM DUTY . . . 212
MOLTKE AT SEDAN 218
FARRAGUT 228
THE SURRENDER OF LEE 234

AMONG THE GREAT MASTERS OF WARFARE

ALEXANDER

"And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

— DEKKER.

AND now in Babylon he waits short space for Alexander, whose marvellous career death stopped when the great conqueror was but thirty-two. Stricken with fever a few days since, his end comes quickly, and with Roxana standing beside his couch, he faintly bids a last farewell to the valorous souls who have fought for him so nobly. One by one the veterans of the Granicus and of Arbela sadly

take leave of the dying hero and depart, their hearts filled with sorrow and gloomy forebodings for the future.

As Piloty has thus pictured them, so has the Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, imagined the scene in his "Alexander the Great."

"*Amyntas* (*speaks*). Eight brief days ago
That was a hall of council whence the world
Waited her sentence. I could deem its air
Was thick with phantom shapes. Is all hope lost?
Socrates. At midnight hope surceased. The fever sank;
With it his strength. He bade them bear him hither:
He speaks not since.
Amyntas. In yon black palace lies
The agèd queen! from window on to window
The lights pass quick. There's sorrow there. 'Tis cold!
Socrates. You shake.
Amyntas. They woke me sudden with the news.
Antigonus (*entering*). The Persian has his trouble as the Greek.
Old Sisygambis sinks from hour to hour:
She came from Susa hither, vexed by dreams.
Found the king sick; foodless she sits since then

Upon the palace floor. Dread gifts, men say,
Of prophecy are hers. A funeral veil
O'erhangs her glittering eyes and plaited forehead:
Her Magians stand around: the royal children
Kneel at her feet.

Socrates. In great Serapis' temple
Four generals watched from early night to morn,
Hoping some intimation from the god:
Nor oracle nor vision was vouchsafed.
At last Seleucus, kneeling at the shrine,
Besought "Shall the sick king, a suppliant, lay him
Beneath the healing shadow of this fane?"
'Twas answered, "Where he lies, there let him bide."

Amyntas. That meant, that here abiding he shall live.

Antigonus. It meant, that death is better than to live.

Ptolemy (*near the pallet*). Seleucus, you were with him?

Seleucus. Half the night
My tears bedewed his hand.

Ptolemy. Knew he things round him?

Seleucus. He knew them well; and knew of things beyond.
Long time he watched, or seemed to watch, the passions
Of some great fight that makes a world or mars,

And saw all lost. 'Parmenio fought against me;
'Twas death's cold river gave him back his youth,'
He muttered. Next he spake as to some priest:
And seemed to grasp his wrist, and reasoned with him —
I caught no word — two hours with lips foam-flecked,
As one who proudly pleads, yet pleads for life;
Then ceased, and slept.

Eumenes. Keep silence at the gates!

Antigonus (*drawing near*). The soldiers will to see him.

Ptolemy. Let it be:
'Tis now too late for aught to work him ill.

[*The soldiers stream in, circling successively the royal pallet, till the whole hall is thronged.*]

Seleucus. The soldiers' friend! He hears their stifled moaning:
His eye is following them; he fain would stretch
His hand toward them!

Eumenes. Speak to him, Ptolemy!

Ptolemy. Sire, it is come! the king is king in death:
Speak the king's ordinance. Who shall wear his crown?

Alexander. The worthiest head. [*A long silence.*

Ptolemy. Once more his lips are moving:

The Death of Alexander.

From painting by Carl von Piloty.

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Perdiccas, you are keen of ear: bend low —
Bend to his lips.

Eumenes. His fingers move: he slides
The royal ring into Perdiccas' hand.

Ptolemy. Hear you no words?

Perdiccas. I think he said, 'Patroclus.'

Ptolemy. Once more?

Perdiccas. He said, 'Achilles followed soon.'

Ptolemy. Bend down once more.

Perdiccas. He spake it plain: I heard it: 'Patroclus died: Achilles followed soon.'

Seleucus. And died in saying it. 'Tis past. He's gone!

Ptolemy. The greatest spirit that ever trod this earth
Has passed from earth. He, swifter than the morn,
O'er-rushed the globe. Expectant centuries
Condensed themselves into a few brief years
To work his will; and all the buried ages
Summed their old wealth, to enrich, for man's behoof,
With virtuous wisdom one Olympian mind,
Which, grappling all things — needing not experience —
Yet scorned no diligence, the weapons shaped,
Itself, that hewed its way, nor left to others
The pettiest of those cares that, small themselves,
Are rivets which make whole the mail of greatness.

The world hath had its conquerors: one alone
Conquered for weal of them who bowed beneath him,
And in the vanquished found his firmest friends
And passionatest mourners.
The world hath had its kings: but one alone
To whom a kingdom meant a radiant fabric,
No tyrant's dungeon-keep, no merchant's mart,
But all intelligential, so combining
All interests, aspirations, efforts, aims,
That man's great mind, therein made one o'er earth,
Might show all knowledge in its boundless glass,
As the sea shows the sun. Rough Macedon,
Boast, yet be just! Thou wert this wonder's nurse:
A mightier was his mother. Earth, take back
Thy chief of sons! Henceforth his tomb art thou.

Seleucus. Lords, he is gone who made us what we are;
And we, remanded to our nothingness,
Have that, not words, to offer him for praise.
There stand among us some that watched his boyhood;
They have had their wish; he lived his life. The gods,
Feared they the next step of their earthly rival,
Who pressed so near their thrones? Your pardon, lords!
He's dead who should this day have praised the dead,

Happiest in this, he died before his friend.
Lords, we have lived in festival till now,
And knew it not. The approaching woes they best
Shall measure greatness gone. The men who 'scape,
Building new fortunes on the wreck-strewn shore,
Shall to their children speak in life's sad eve
Of him who made its morning. Let them tell
His deeds but half, or no man will believe them
It may be they will scarce themselves believe,
Deeming the past a dream. That hour, their tears
Down-streaming unashamed, like tears in sleep,
Will better their poor words: who hear shall cry,
Pale with strong faith, 'There lived an Alexander!'"

Historical subjects engrossed the brush of the noted German artist, Piloty, who died at Munich — where he was born and where he studied — in 1886, at the age of sixty. Having been for many years a professor in the Munich Academy, Piloty numbered among his pupils some distinguished painters, of whom may be cited Lenbach, Defregger, and Makart.

His most famous picture is "Thusnelda at the Triumphal Entry of Germanicus into

Rome," in the New Pinacothek at Munich, a smaller version of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, the New York merchant prince, and is now owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Nero Walking among the Ruins of Rome," "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," "Galileo in Prison," "The Battle of the White Mountain, near Prague," "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "The Discovery of America," and three canvases depicting scenes in the life of Wallenstein, are the work of Piloty. His "Elector Maximilian Adhering to the Catholic League in 1609" was painted for the Maximilianeum at Munich, and his "Elizabeth and Frederick of Bohemia Receiving News of the Loss of the Battle of Prague" was formerly in the Probasco collection at Cincinnati.

HANNIBAL

"Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days; it must be granted." — CONGREVE.

ALEXANDER fought Persians: Hannibal fought Romans, and it may well be questioned if the Carthaginian does not outrank the Macedonian soldier. No favorite of fortune, as was Alexander, Hannibal was admirable in defeat; during the fifteen years he campaigned in Italy, a mutiny was unknown in his army; not only did he wage successful war against heavy odds, but also against many skilled leaders; and, finally, his exploits were told by his enemies, — a detail worth considering.

One of the most famous deeds recorded of Hannibal was his passage of the Alps, but the crossing of the river Rhone is also a noteworthy feat. It is commonly agreed

that this took place at a point near Roquemaure, a little north of Avignon.

Finding himself opposed on the farther bank by a tribe of Gauls, Hannibal sent Hanno, one of his ablest lieutenants, some twenty-five miles up the river. Here Hanno crossed and at once moved down-stream to the point where the Gauls waited to resist the landing of his leader. Announcing his arrival to Hannibal by the preconcerted signal of the smoke of a huge bonfire, Hanno routed the enemy by a sudden attack in their rear and the Carthaginian army began the passage of the Rhone.

The elephants, of which Hannibal had thirty-seven, crossed last, and Polybius thus describes their ferrying.

"The elephants were brought over in the following manner: Having made a number of rafts, they joined two of them together strongly and made them fast to the land on the bank; the breadth of the two thus united

being about fifty feet. They then fastened two more to the extremity of these, which advanced out into the river; they secured also that side which was on the stream by cables from the land, fastened to some trees which grew on the bank, in order that they might not be forced away by the strength of the current. Having made this raft in the form of a bridge about two hundred feet in length, they added to the end of it two other larger floats very firmly joined together, but fastened to the rest in such a manner that the cable by which they were held might easily be cut asunder. They fixed also many ropes to these, by means of which the boats that were to tow them across might keep them from being carried down the stream; and thus resisting the current, convey the elephants on them to the other side. They next spread a great quantity of earth upon the rafts, laying it on until they had rendered them level, and similar in color with the

road on the land that led to the passage. The elephants, being accustomed to obey the Indians, did so till they approached the water, but never daring to venture in, they first led forward two female elephants along the rafts, when the rest presently followed. Upon reaching the extreme rafts, the cables which fastened them to the rest were cut, and they were instantly towed by the boats toward the other side. At this, the elephants, being thrown into great disorder, turned every way, and rushed to every part of the raft. But being surrounded on all sides by water, their fears subsided, and they were constrained to remain where they stood. In this manner were the greater part of the elephants brought over, two rafts being thus continually fitted to the rest. Some, however, through fear, threw themselves into the stream in the midst of the passage. The Indians who conducted these all perished, but the beasts themselves escaped; for owing

Hannibal Crossing the Rhone.
From painting by Henri Paul Motte.

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to the strength and size of their trunks they were able to raise these above the water, and breathe through them; and thus discharging the water as it entered their mouth, they held out, and walked across the most part of the river."

The use of elephants in warfare was common in the East in ancient times, and the custom was later imported into Europe. Hannibal seems to have thought well of it and often made use of these great beasts in fighting, although their employment was a source of danger, for if the enemy succeeded in alarming them, or inflicted wounds upon their sensitive trunks, they became unmanageable, and in their headlong flight would throw everything into confusion, and damage friends as much as foes. Thus it happened at the battle of Palermo (B. C. 251) where Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, fought against Cæcilius Metellus, and his array of elephants, one hundred and forty in number,

were rendered furious by the darts of the Roman archers. The huge creatures, some throwing off their guides and treading them under foot, and all becoming unmanageable, rushed wildly through the ranks of Asdrubal's army and made great havoc. Metellus, perceiving this, took advantage of the enemy's confusion, successfully attacked their battalions, and came off victor, among his spoils being over a hundred of the elephants whose rout had cost the Carthaginians so dearly.

The painter of Hannibal's army passing the Rhone has gained distinction by several works wherein episodes of ancient history are reproduced with an attempt at the utmost possible fidelity. The legend of the geese whose cackle once saved Rome, by announcing to the sentinels of the Capitol the advance of the Gauls, was illustrated by him in a picture sent to the Salon of 1881; "Vercingetorix Surrendering to Cæsar" be-

longs to the museum of Puy, and the "Trojan Horse" is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. "Baal Devouring Prisoners of War at Babylon," "The Betrothed of Belus," and "The Passing of the Chief Vestal" are works of a kindred nature by this artist. "Richelieu at the Siege of La Rochelle" is the property of the museum of that city, and the "Hannibal" is owned by the museum of Bagnols. At the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, Motte was represented by a painting entitled, "The 10th of August, 1792." He is a Parisian and a pupil of Gerome, and his talent has been recognized by the bestowal upon him of a third class medal in 1880, a bronze medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and one of silver at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

CÆSAR

"O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?" — SHAKESPEARE.

THE night before his murder, Cæsar supped with Lepidus, and the talk turned on death and on the kind of death most to be desired. Cæsar said, "A sudden one," and on the morrow had his wish.

Froude's description of the tragedy is this: "Thus the Ides of March drew near. Cæsar was to set out in a few days for Parthia. Decimus Brutus was going, as governor, to the north of Italy, Lepidus to Gaul, Marcus Brutus to Macedonia, and Trebonius to Asia Minor. Antony, Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, was to remain in Italy. Dolabella, Cicero's son-in-law, was to be consul with him as soon as Cæsar should have left for the East. The foreign appointments were all made for five years, and in

another week the party would be scattered. The time for action had come, if action there was to be. Papers were dropped in Brutus's room, bidding him awake from his sleep. On the statue of Junius Brutus some hot republican wrote, 'Would that thou wast alive!' The assassination in itself was easy, for Cæsar would take no precautions. So portentous an intention could not be kept entirely secret; many friends warned him to beware; but he disdained too heartily the worst that his enemies could do to him to vex himself with thinking of them, and he forbade the subject to be mentioned any more in his presence. Portents, prophecies, soothsayings, frightful aspects in the sacrifices, natural growths of alarm and excitement, were equally vain. 'Am I to be frightened,' he said, in answer to some report of the haruspices, 'because a sheep is without a heart?'

"An important meeting of the Senate had

been called for the Ides (the 15th) of the month. The pontifices, it was whispered, intended to bring on again the question of the kingship, before Cæsar's departure. The occasion would be appropriate. The senate-house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend unarmed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes. So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed, or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be despatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, it was thought, the sublimity of

their exploit. Some of them liked Antony. None supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone. In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place, in the perorations of speeches and such like; Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretence of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theatre, to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself. . . . When great men die, im-

agination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

> "'A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and jibber in the Roman streets.'

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the pontifical palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia dreamt her husband was murdered, and that she saw him ascending into heaven, and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

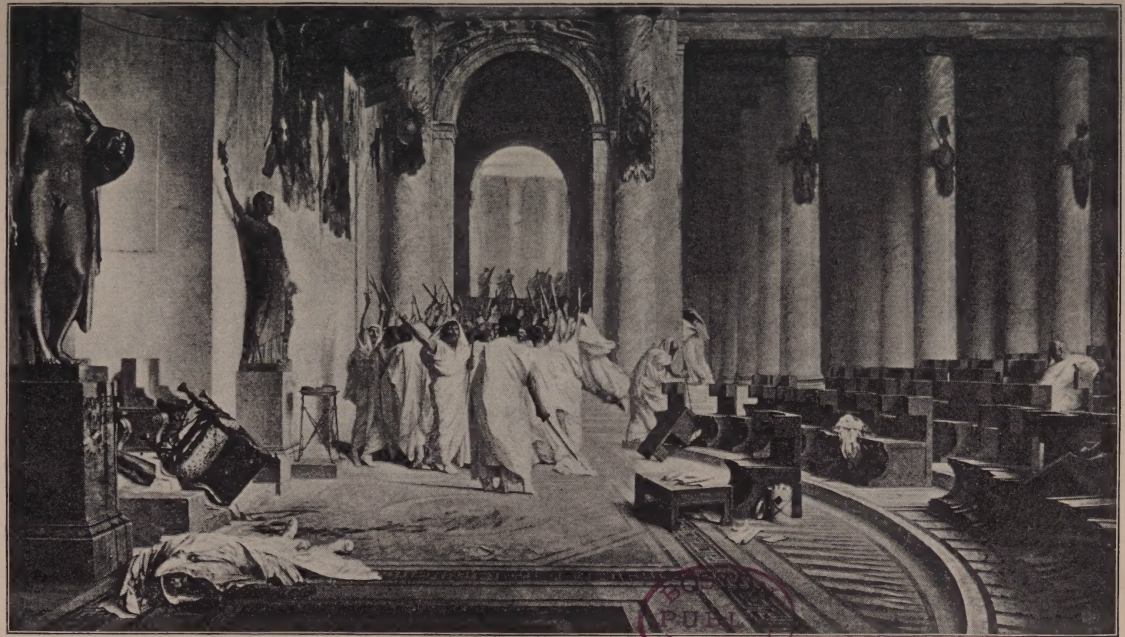
"The house was full. The conspirators were in their places with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom he trusted — the coincidence is striking! — was employed to betray him. Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew that Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed. It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness and rose to go. As he crossed the hall, his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to warn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the

conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work. He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for his contempt of religion.

"Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered around him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion.

The Death of Cæsar.

From painting by Jean Louis Gerome.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One had a story to tell him ; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made governor of Bithynia, then came close to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word. Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with

shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding, some of them, from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him!"

The master-hand of Gerome has drawn the scene for us on the canvas which he exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and which, together with many others of his works, now enriches the collections of our countrymen. It once belonged to John Taylor Johnston, at the sale of whose pic-

tures in 1876 it brought $8,000, and became the property of John Jacob Astor.

Jean Leon Gerome, born at Vesoul in 1824, went to Paris in 1841 and became a pupil of Paul Delaroche. His first appearance at the Salon was in 1847, when he presented the "Cock Fight," now in the Luxembourg. In a long life of unwearied industry, he has produced a great number of pictures, the reputation of some being world-wide.

Among the best known are "The Duel after the Masked Ball," "Gladiators Saluting Cæsar," "Louis XIV. and Molière," "Cleopatra and Cæsar," "Bonaparte before the Sphinx," and "Christian Martyrs." Honors without number have been showered on Gerome, who adds to his fame as a painter the rare distinction of being also a sculptor of great merit.

ATTILA

"The vigor with which Attila wielded the sword of Mars convinced the world that it had been reserved alone for his invincible arm." — GIBBON.

THE Huns first appeared in Europe about the year 374, which was perhaps some thirty years before the birth of Attila. Ancient chroniclers tell of their hardy way of living, how they "never frequent any sort of buildings, which they look upon as set apart for the sepulchres of the dead, and, except in case of urgent necessity, they will not go under the shelter of a roof, and they think themselves insecure there, not having even a thatched cottage amongst them; but, wandering in the woods from their very cradle, they are accustomed to endure frost, hunger, and thirst. They are clothed with coverings made of linen and the skins of wood-mice stitched together, nor have they

any change of garment, or ever put off that which they wear till it is reduced to rags and drops off. They cover their heads with curved fur caps; their hairy legs are defended by goat skins, and their shoes are so ill fitted as to prevent their stepping freely, on which account they are not well qualified for infantry; but, almost growing to the backs of their horses, which are hardy and ill-shaped, and often sitting upon them after the fashion of a woman, they perform anything they have to do on horseback. There they sit night and day, buy and sell, eat and drink, and leaning on the neck of the animal take their slumber, and even their deepest repose. They hold their councils on horseback. Without submitting to any strict royal authority, they follow the tumultuous guidance of their principal individuals, and act usually by a sudden impulse. When attacked they will sometimes stand to fight, but enter into battle drawn up in the figure

of wedges, with a variety of frightful vociferations. Extremely light and sudden in their movements, they disperse purposely to take breath, and careering without any formed line, they make vast slaughter of their enemies; but, owing to the rapidity of their manœuvres, they seldom stop to attack a rampart or a hostile camp. At a distance they fight with missile weapons, most skilfully pointed with sharp bones. Near at hand they engage with the sword, without any regard for their own persons, and while the enemy is employed in parrying the attack, they entangle his limbs with a noose in such a manner as to deprive him of the power of riding or resisting. None of them plough, or touch any agricultural instrument. They all ramble about like fugitives without any fixed place of abode with the wagons in which they live."

These barbaric fighters, after ravaging many other parts of Italy, set out under

Attila.

From painting by Ulpiano Checa.

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Attila for the overthrow of Rome in the spring of the year 453, but the Eternal City was not destined to suffer the assaults of the great Hunnish warrior. Its savior appeared in the person of Pope Leo I., called the Great, who was despatched by the Emperor Valentinian on an embassy to endeavor to avert the threatened onslaught of the "Scourge of God." "Leo is stated by his biographer and some other writers to have thrown himself at the feet of Attila, and to have delivered a speech of the most abject and unconditional submission. He is made to say, after the manner of Lupus, that evil man had felt his scourge, and to pray that the suppliants who addressed him might feel his clemency. That the Senate and Roman people, once conquerors of the world, but now defeated, humbly asked pardon and safety from Attila, the king of kings; that nothing amid the exuberant glory of his great actions could have befallen him more

conducive to the present lustre of his name, as to its future celebrity, than that the people, before whose feet all nations and kings had lain prostrate, should now be suppliant before his. That he had subdued the whole world, since it had been granted to him to overthrow the Romans, who had conquered all other nations. That they prayed him, who had subdued all things, to subdue himself; that, as he had surpassed the summit of human glory, nothing could render him more like to Almighty God, than to will that security should be extended through his protection to the many whom he had subdued. The letters, however, of Leo, which are extant, upon various subjects chiefly connected with church discipline, seem to testify a right-judging and upright mind, and render it very improbable that he should have debased himself and the government which he then represented by such mean and contemptible adulation. Whether

he addressed the mighty Hun in the language of abject submission or strove to conciliate him by a more rational and dignified appeal, he was completely successful in obtaining the object of his mission. The king is said to have stood silent and astonished, moved by veneration at the appearance, and affected by the tears of the pontiff; and, when he was afterward questioned by his vassals, why he had conceded so much to the entreaties of Leo, to have answered that he did not reverence him, but had seen another man in sacerdotal raiment, more august in form and venerable from his gray hairs, who held a drawn sword, and threatened him with instant death, unless he granted everything that Leo demanded. The vision was reputed to be that of St. Peter, and according to Nicolas Olaus he saw two figures, who were reported to have been St. Paul and St. Peter. This celebrated anecdote . . . is to be looked upon as an ecclesiastical fiction,

but Attila seems to have been alarmed by a superstitious dread of the fate which overtook Alaric speedily after the subjugation of Rome. A joke is related as having been prevalent against Attila amongst his followers, founded on the names of two bishops, Lupus and Leo, — that as in Gaul he had yielded to the wolf, he now gave way before the lion. He had probably more weighty reasons for his retreat than the venerable aspect of the lion, the visions of the apostles, or the fate of the Gothic conqueror. His army was enervated by the sack of the Italian towns, and a grievous pestilence had thinned its ranks; the devastation of the country had rendered it difficult to obtain subsistence, and his troops were suffering from famine as well as disease; the recollection of Radagais, who had not long before in the plenitude of his power been starved into unconditional surrender on the heights of Fæsulæ, may have furnished him with

rational grounds of apprehension, while the army of Aëtius, fresh and unbroken, was hanging upon his skirts, intercepting his foragers, cutting off his stragglers, and watching opportunity to inflict some more important injury. An ample donation of gold, according to the base practice of that period, was probably added to the causes which induced Attila to forego, for that season at least, the attack of Rome; and he consented to withdraw his forces."

Checa, the able Spanish artist who painted Attila riding at the head of his fierce Tartars, was born in 1860, studied at the Madrid Academy, and gained the Spanish Prize of Rome in 1884. In 1887 his "Invasion of the Barbarians" was rewarded with a first class medal at Madrid, and in 1890 his celebrated "Roman Chariot Race," one of the most spirited pictures of horses in violent action ever produced, won a medal at the Paris Salon.

The horse in motion has been the chief theme of several works by Checa, — "Mazeppa," "The Ravine at Waterloo," and "The Abduction of Proserpine" are among them, — but he has proved in his "Naumachia" and other instances that his art is not confined to such subjects.

CHARLEMAGNE

"Emperor of the West, King of France and Germany, restorer of the arts and sciences, wise lawgiver, great converter of infidels, — how many titles to the recollection and gratitude of posterity!" — PAULINE PARIS.

CHARLEMAGNE, "the hero of two nations," began in 772 the great mission of his life, which was to subdue and convert the Saxons, a work which was effected only after more than thirty years of conflict. "After having, in four or five successive expeditions, gained victories and sustained checks, he thought himself sufficiently advanced in his

conquest to put his relations with the Saxons to a grand trial. 'In 777 he resolved,' says Eginhard, 'to go and hold, at the place called Paderborn (close to Saxony), the general assembly of his people. On his arrival he found there assembled the senate and people of this perfidious nation, who, conformably to his orders, had repaired thither, seeking to deceive him by a false show of submission and devotion. . . . They earned their pardon, but on this condition however, that, if hereafter they broke their engagements, they would be deprived of country and liberty. A great number amongst them had themselves baptized on this occasion; but it was with far from sincere intentions that they had testified a desire to become Christians.'

"There had been absent from this great meeting a Saxon chieftain called Witikind, son of Wernekind, king of the Saxons at the north of the Elbe. He had espoused the

sister of Siegfried, king of the Danes, and he was the friend of Ratbod, king of the Frisons. A true chieftain at heart as well as by descent, he was made to be the hero of the Saxons just as, seven centuries before, the Cheruscan Herrmann (Arminius) had been the hero of the Germans. Instead of repairing to Paderborn, Witikind had left Saxony and taken refuge with his brother-in-law, the king of the Danes. Thence he encouraged his Saxon compatriots, some to persevere in their resistance, others to repent them of their show of submission. War began again, and Witikind hastened back to take part in it.

"In 778 the Saxons advanced as far as the Rhine; but, 'not having been able to cross this river,' says Eginhard, 'they set themselves to lay waste with fire and sword all the towns and all the villages from the city of Duitz (opposite Cologne) as far as the confluence of the Moselle. The

churches as well as the houses were laid in ruins from top to bottom. The enemy in his frenzy spared neither age nor sex, wishing to show thereby that he had invaded the territory of the Franks, not for plunder, but for revenge!' For three years the struggle continued, more confined in area, but more and more obstinate. Many of the Saxon tribes submitted; many Saxons were baptized; and Siegfried, king of the Danes, sent to Charlemagne a deputation, as if to treat for peace. Witikind had left Denmark; but he had gone across to her neighbors, the Northmen, and thence reëntering Saxony, he kindled there an insurrection as fierce as it was unexpected. In 782 two of Charlemagne's lieutenants were beaten on the banks of the Weser, and killed in the battle, 'together with four counts and twenty leaders, the noblest in the army; indeed, the Franks were nearly all exterminated. At news of this disaster,' says Eginhard,

'Charlemagne, without losing a moment, reassembled an army and set out for Saxony. He summoned into his presence all the chieftains of the Saxons, and demanded of them who had been the promoters of the revolt. All agreed in denouncing Witikind as the author of this treason. But as they could not deliver him up, because immediately after his sudden attack he had taken refuge with the Northmen, those who, at his instigation, had been accomplices in the crime, were placed, to the number of four thousand five hundred, in the hands of the king, and by his order, all had their heads cut off the same day, at a place called Werden, on the river Aller. After this deed of vengeance the king retired to Thionville to pass the winter there.' But vengeance did not put an end to the war. 'Blood calls for blood,' were words spoken in the English Parliament, in 1643, by Sir Benjamin Rudyard, one of the best citizens of his country, in her

hour of revolution. For three years Charlemagne had to redouble his efforts to accomplish in Saxony, at the cost of Frankish as well as Saxon blood, his work of conquest and conversion. 'Saxony,' he often repeated, 'must be Christianized or wiped out.' At last, in 785, after several victories, which seemed decisive, he went and settled down in his strong castle of Ehresburg, 'whither he made his wife and children come, being resolved to remain there all the bad season,' says Eginhard, and applying himself without cessation to scouring the country of the Saxons and wearing them out by his strong and indomitable determination. But determination did not blind him to prudence and policy. 'Having learned that Witikind and Abbio (another great Saxon chieftain) were abiding in the part of Saxony situated on the other side of the Elbe, he sent to them Saxon envoys to prevail upon them to renounce their perfidy, and come, without hesi-

tation, and trust themselves to him. They, conscious of what they had attempted, dared not at first trust to the king's word; but having obtained from him the promise they desired of impunity and, besides, the hostages they demanded as guarantee of their safety and who were brought to them, on the king's behalf, by Amalwin, one of the officers of his court, they came with the said lord and presented themselves before the king in his palace of Attigny (Attigny-sur-Aisne, whither Charlemagne had now returned), and received baptism.'

"Charlemagne did more than amnesty. Witikind, on his side, did more than come to Attigny and get baptized there; he gave up the struggle, remained faithful to his new engagements, and led, they say, so Christian a life, that some chroniclers have placed him on the list of saints."

Thus did the Saxon leader justify the words which, according to a German poet,

The Baptism of Witikind.

From painting by Paul Thumann.

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Charlemagne addressed to him on his baptismal day:

"All honor to thee, my friend, my mate!
Thou Saxon Lion, my foe of late!
For Christ is the Lord of Lords,
And God like him there is none beside.
Thine angel hath
Sent thee hither to-day, O valorous Witikind!

"The mighty God
Hath chosen thee!
He hath work, no doubt, for thee to do.
Be thou but faithful and leal and true,
And thou in thy turn shalt see
That never another hero trod
The earth whose worth
And glory will match thine own, O Witikind!

"Rule henceforth o'er
Fair Saxony's land;
Rule thou, and thine heirs to the latest age,—
Thy name will yet shine in history's page
In colors glowing and grand!"

Great popularity has been bestowed upon the pictures of Paul Thumann, a German artist, who, born in 1834, became a pupil of

Julius Hubner and Ferdinand Pauwels, and eventually attained the honor of a professorship at the Berlin Academy.

His most familiar works are the "Return of the Victorious Germans after a Battle in the Teutoburg Forest," "The Three Fates," "Psyche at Nature's Mirror," and "Art Wins the Heart," but in addition to producing a multiplicity of other pictures, Thumann has drawn many illustrations to the writings of Goethe, Heine, Chamisso, Shakespeare, and Tennyson.

ROLAND

"Oh for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!"

— Scott.

Of all the paladins whose exploits added lustre to the glorious reign of Charlemagne,

Roland was first. A son of Bertha, sister to the great emperor, he rejoiced in the possession of a magic sword, called Durindana, which was the handiwork of fairies and once belonged to Hector, a matchless horse named Veillantif, and a wonderful ivory horn.

On the return of Charlemagne from Spain, Roland commanded the rear-guard, which fell into an ambuscade at the pass of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees and was utterly annihilated by a countless horde of Basques and Spanish-Arabians.

The great French epic called "The Song of Roland," describes this woful event in detail:

"Count Roland entered within the prease,
And smote full deadly without surcease;
While Durindana aloft he held,
Hauberk and helm he pierced and quelled,
Intrenching body and hand and head.
The Saracens lie by the hundred dead,
And the heathen host is discomfited.

"Valiantly Olivier, otherwhere,
Brandished on high his sword Hauteclere —

Save Durindana, of swords the best.
To battle proudly he him addressed.
His arms with the crimson blood were dyed.
'God, what a vassal!' Count Roland cried.
'O gentle baron, so true and leal,
This day shall set on our love the seal!
The emperor cometh to find us dead,
Forever parted and severèd.
France never looked on such woful day;
Nor breathes a Frank but for us will pray, —
From the cloister cells shall the orisons rise,
And our souls find rest in Paradise.'
Olivier heard him, amid the throng,
Spurred his steed to his side along.
Saith each to other, 'Be near me still;
We will die together, if God so will.'

Roland and Olivier then are seen
To lash and hew with their falchions keen;
With his lance the archbishop thrusts and slays,
And the numbers slain we may well appraise;
In charter and writ is the tale expressed —
Beyond four thousand, saith the geste.
In four encounters they sped them well;
Dire and grievous the fifth befell.
The cavaliers of the Franks are slain
All but sixty, who yet remain;

God preserved them, that ere they die,
They may sell their lives full hardily.

" As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer agen :
' Ah, dear companion, may God us shield !
Behold, our bravest lie dead on field !
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our king and friend !
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,
How unto Karl shall we tidings send ? '
Olivier answered, ' I wist not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now.'

"' I will sound,' said Roland, ' upon my horn,
Karl, as he passeth the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace.'

" Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.
The mountain peaks soared high around ;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound.
Karl hath heard it, and all his band.
' Our men have battle,' he said, ' on hand.'
Ganelon rose in front and cried,
' If another spake, I would say he lied.'

"With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded the mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst for the very pang.
On and onward was born the blast,
Till Karl hath heard as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
'It is Roland's horn,' said the emperor,
'And, save in battle, he had not blown.'
'Battle,' said Ganelon, 'is there none.
Old are you grown — all white and hoar;
Such words bespeak you a child once more.
Have you, then, forgotten Roland's pride,
Which I marvel God should so long abide,
How he captured Naples without your hest?
Forth from the city the heathen passed,
To your vassal Roland they battle gave, —
He slew them all with the trenchant glaive,
Then turned the waters upon the plain,
That trace of blood might not remain.
He would sound all day for a single hare:
'Tis jest with him and his fellows there;
For who would battle against him dare?
Ride onward — wherefore this chill delay?
Your mighty land is yet far away.'

"On Roland's mouth is the bloody stain,
Burst asunder his temple's vein;

Roland at Roncesvalles.

From painting by Louis Felix Guesnet.

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His horn he soundeth in anguish drear;
King Karl, 'That horn is long of breath.'
Said Naimes, ''Tis Roland who travaileth,
There is battle yonder by mine avow.
He who betrayed him deceives you now.
Arm, Sire; ring forth your rallying cry,
And stand your noble household by;
For you hear your Roland in jeopardy.'

"The king commands to sound the alarm,
To the trumpet the Franks alight and arm;
With casque and corselet and gilded brand,
Buckler and stalwart lance in hand,
Pennons of crimson and white and blue,
The barons leap on their steeds anew,
And onward spur the passes through;
Nor is there one but to other saith,
'Could we reach but Roland before his death,
Blows would we strike for him grim and great.'
Ah! what availeth! — 'tis all too late."

"Roland at Roncesvalles" is the work of a French artist, Louis Felix Guesnet, who was born in 1843, and studied under Lamothe. It gained for its painter a medal at the Salon of 1873. Guesnet has also

painted "Mazeppa," "After the Pillage," "Before the Chase," and "The Harvest."

GODFREY DE BOUILLON

"The fame of Godfrey and the First Crusade rivalled the older legends of Arthur and Charlemagne, and he is named with them as one of the three Christian heroes who made up the number of the nine noblest."

— T. A. ARCHER.

DESPITE the stain upon his character caused by his merciless treatment of the conquered Saracens, Godfrey de Bouillon must be considered the hero of the First Crusade.

When, a few days after the capture of the Holy City, he was chosen King of Jerusalem, Godfrey would not consent to wear a golden crown in the place where our Saviour had worn a crown of thorns, and contented himself with the modest title of Baron of the Holy Sepulchre. His rule lasted but a year, as he died on July 18, 1100, being about forty

years of age, and was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Hundreds of years after his death, in the forty-eighth year of that nineteenth century which has raised monuments to so many of the illustrious ones of the past, there was unveiled in Brussels, on the spot where he is said to have exhorted the Flemings to join the crusade, an equestrian statue of Godfrey holding aloft the banner of the Cross. But more lasting than bronze is Tasso's tribute to the great crusader in his epic of "Jerusalem Delivered:"

"O glorious Captain! whom the Lord on high
Defends, whom God preserves, and holds so dear;
For thee Heav'n fights, to thee the winds (from far,
Called with thy Trumpets blast) obedient are.

"The Angel Michael, to all the rest
Unseen, appeared before Godfredo's eyes,
In pure and heav'nly armor richly drest,
Brighter than Titan's Rays in clearest skies;
Godfrey (quoth he), this is the moment blest
To free this Town that long in bondage lies,

See, see what Legions in thine aid I bring,
For Heav'n assists thee, and Heav'ns glorious King:

"Lift up thine eyes, and in the Air behold
The sacred Armies, how they mustred be,
That cloud of flesh in which for times of old
All Mankind wrapped is, I take from thee,
And from thy Senses their thick mist unfold,
That face to face thou mayst these spirits see,
And for a little space, right-well sustain
Their glorious light, and view those Angels plain.

"Behold the Souls of every Lord and Knight
That late bore Arms and dy'd for Christ's dear sake,
How on thy side against this town they fight,
And of thy joy and conquest will partake:
There where the dust and smoak blinds all mens sight,
Where stones and ruines such an heap do make,
There Hugo fights, in thickest Cloud imbard,
And undermines that Bulwark's Ground-work hard.

"See Dudon yonder, who with Sword and Fire
Assails and helps to scale the Northern Port.
That with bold courage doth thy Folk inspire,
And rears their Ladders 'gainst the assaulted Fort:

Godfrey de Bouillon at the Siege of Jerusalem.
From drawing by Gustave Dore.

Godfrey de Bouillon at the Siege of Jerusalem.
From drawing by Gustave Doré.

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He that high on the Mount in grave attire
Is clad, and crowned stands in Kingly sort,
  Is Bishop Ademare, a blessed Spirit,
  Blest for his faith, crown'd for his death and merit.

"But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view
Where all the sacred Hosts of Heav'n appear;
He lookt, and saw where winged Armies flew,
Innumerable, pure, divine, and clear;
A Battel round of squadrons three they shew,
And all by threes those Squadrons ranged were,
  Which spreading wide in rings, still wider go,
  Mov'd with a stone, calm water circleth so.

"With that he winkt, and vanisht was and gone
That wondrous Vision when he lookt again,
His Worthies fighting view'd he one by one,
And on each side saw signs of Conquest plain,
For with Rinaldo 'gainst his yielding fone,
His Knights were entred and the Pagans slain.
  This seen, the Duke no longer stay could brook,
  But from the Bearer bold his Ensign took.

"And on the bridge he stept, but there was staid
By Soliman, who entrance all deny'd,
That narrow tree to vertue great was made,
The Field as in few blows right soon was try'd.
Here will I give my life for Sion's aid,

Here will I end my days the Soldan cry'd.
Behind me cut or break this Bridge, that I
May kill a thousand Christians first, then die.

"But thither fierce Rinaldo threatning went,
And at his sight fled all the Soldan's train.
What shall I do? if here my life be spent,
I spend and spill (quoth he) my bloud in vain.
With that his steps from Godfrey back he bent,
And to him let the passage free remain,
Who threatning follow'd as the Soldan fled,
And on the walls the purple Cross dispred:

"About his head he tost, he turn'd, he cast
That glorious Ensign, with a thousand twines.
Thereon the wind breaths with his sweetest blast,
Thereon with golden Rays glad Phœbus shines.
Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbear their hast,
Clouds clap their hands, on mountains dance the Pines,
And Sions Towers and sacred Temples smile,
For their deliv'rance from that bondage vile.

"And now the Armies rear'd the happy cry
Of Victory, glad, joyful, loud and shrill,
The Hills resound, the Echo showreth high,
And Tancred bold that fights and combats still

With proud Argantes, brought his Tower so nigh,
That on the Wall, against the Boasters will,
In his despight, his Bridge he also laid,
And won the place, and there the Cross displaid."

Although Gustave Doré painted many pictures and produced some able works of sculpture, it is as an illustrator that he will always be best known. When, in 1883, this remarkable Frenchman died at fifty, his fertile brain and rapid pencil had given to the world many thousands of drawings, made in illustration of the Bible and of Dante, Cervantes, Rabelais, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Balzac, Milton, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Poe.

BARBAROSSA

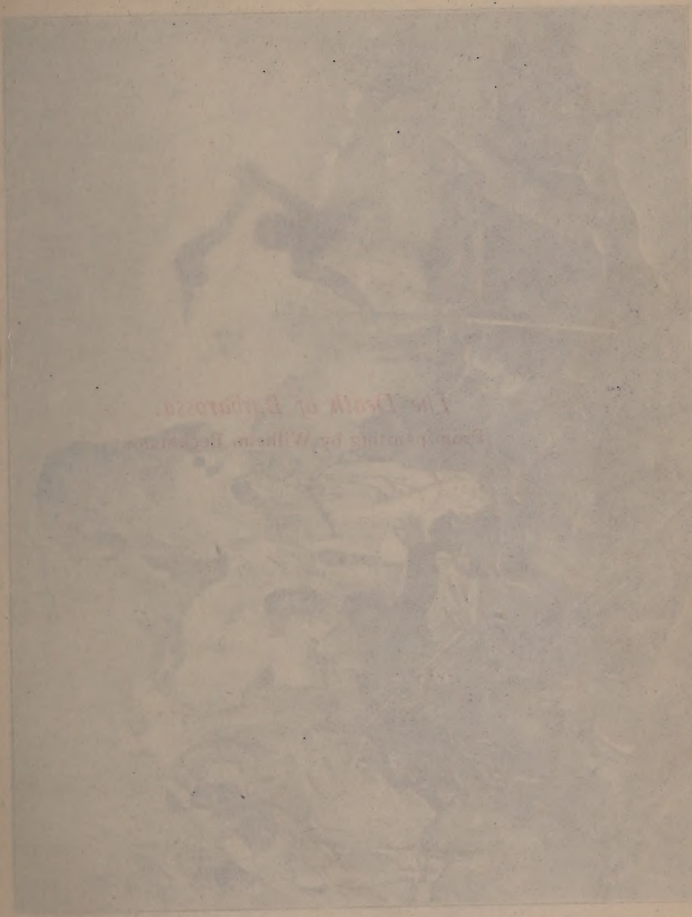
"No man ever put the cross upon his shoulder with a higher and a purer heart." — EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA in youth had borne a part in the unfortunate Second Crusade, and forty years later he joined

Philip Augustus of France and Richard Cœur de Lion in the third of those great enterprises which had for their aim the liberation of Jerusalem from the grasp of the infidel.

But the gallant "Kaiser Red-beard" was not fated to behold the Holy City. On the 10th of June, 1190, while his army was on the march toward Cilicia, Frederick, in attempting to swim his horse across the river Saleph, was swept away by the current and drowned. Tradition, ever busy with the name of the great emperor, alleged that the spot had been marked from remote antiquity and that a rock near the river bore the ominous words, "*Hic hominum maximus peribit*" ("Here shall perish the greatest of men").

It was, however, firmly believed that Frederick, like the English King Arthur, would come again to right all wrongs and rule over a greater and a happier nation.



The Death of Barbarossa.

From painting by Wilhelm Beckmann.

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The German poet, Geibel, has told in verse how —

"Far within the lone Kyffhäuser
With a lamp red glimmering by
Sits the aged Emperor Frederick
At a marble table nigh.

"Covered with a purple mantle
And in armor glancing bright,
Still upon his moveless eyelids
Lieth slumber's heavy night.

"On his features, calm yet earnest,
Love and sternness each is shown,
And his beard, so long and golden,
Through the marble stone hath grown.

"Here, like brazen statues standing,
All his knights their lord surround,
Sword begirt, in armor gleaming,
But like him in slumber bound.

"All is silent, save the moisture
Dropping slowly from the wall,
Silent, till the appointed morning
Breaks in glory over all.

"Till the eagle's mighty pinions
Round the mountain summit play,
At whose rush the swarming ravens,
Quick, affrighted, flee away.

"Comes a sound like far-off thunder,
Rolling through the mountain then,
And the emperor grasps his sword-hilt,
And the knights awake again.

"Loud upon its hinges sounding
Open springs the brazen door.
Barbarossa and his followers
Walk in bright array once more.

"On his helm the crown he beareth,
And the sceptre in his hand;
Swords are glancing, harps are ringing,
Where he moveth through the land.

"All before the monarch bending
Render him the homage due,
And the holy German Empire
Foundeth he at Aix anew."

Wilhelm Beckmann, who painted the "Death of Barbarossa," was born at Dusseldorf in 1852, and had Eduard Bendemann

for his master. "Hussites Receiving the Sacrament before Battle," "Wagner at Home," "Luther after his Discourse at the Diet of Worms," and "Surrender of the Castle of Rosenberg in the Hussite Wars, 1427," are the titles of some of his paintings.

CHARLES V.

"When he was born into the world, he was born a soldier." — DUKE OF ALVA.

CHARLES is said to have declared that the three greatest captains of his age were, himself first, then Alva, and then Montmorency. He usually said to the young officers who came to take service under his banner, "Pray only for my health and my life, for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity

keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer."

Navagero, the Venetian ambassador to the emperor's court, wrote to the doge in 1546: "It is the received opinion that the emperor has no better general in the army than *himself*. . . . He is present in every place, sees everything, and forgetting that he is a great emperor, he does the work of a subaltern or inferior captain."

He was, however, signally repulsed in 1552, at the siege of Metz, which was ably defended by the French, under the leadership of Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, against the imperial army, which numbered at least sixty thousand men.

"The chief command, under the emperor, was committed to the Duke of Alva, assisted by the Marquis de Marignano, together with the most experienced of the Italian and Spanish generals. As it was now toward the end of October, these intelligent officers

represented the great danger of beginning, at such an advanced season, a siege which could not fail to prove very tedious. But Charles adhered to his own opinion with his usual obstinacy and, being confident that he had made such preparations and taken such precautions as would ensure success, he ordered the city to be invested. As soon as the Duke of Alva appeared, a large body of the French sallied out and attacked his vanguard with great vigor, put it in confusion, and killed or took prisoners a considerable number of men. By this early specimen which they gave of the conduct of their officers, as well as the valor of their troops, they showed the imperialists what an enemy they had to encounter, and how dear every advantage must cost them. The place, however, was completely invested, the trenches were opened, and the other works begun. . . .

"The Duke of Guise, though deeply af-

fected with his brother's misfortune, did not remit in any degree the vigor with which he defended the town. He harassed the besiegers by frequent sallies, in which his officers were so eager to distinguish themselves, that, his authority being hardly sufficient to restrain the impetuosity of their courage, he was obliged at different times to shut the gates, and to conceal the keys, in order to prevent the princes of the blood and noblemen of the first rank from exposing themselves to danger in every sally. He repaired in the night what the enemy's artillery had beat down during the day, or erected behind the ruined works new fortifications of almost equal strength. The imperialists, on their part, pushed on the attack with great spirit, and carried forward at once approaches against different parts of the town. But the art of attacking fortified places was not then arrived at that degree of perfection to which it was carried toward the close of the six-

Charles V. at the Siege of Metz.

From painting by Lucien Melingue.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

teenth century, during the long war in the Netherlands. The besiegers, after the unwearied labor of many weeks, found that they had made but little progress, and although their batteries had made breaches in different places, they saw, to their astonishment, works suddenly appear, in demolishing which their fatigues and dangers would be renewed. The emperor, enraged at the obstinate resistance which his army met with, left Thionville, where he had been confined by a violent fit of the gout; and though still so infirm that he was obliged to be carried in a litter, he repaired to the camp, that, by his presence, he might animate the soldiers, and urge on the attack with greater spirit. Upon his arrival, new batteries were erected, and new efforts were made with redoubled ardor.

"But by this time, winter had set in with great rigor; the camp was alternately deluged with rain or covered with snow; at

the same time provisions were become extremely scarce, as a body of French cavalry, which hovered in the neighborhood, often interrupted the convoys or rendered their arrival difficult and uncertain. Diseases began to spread among the soldiers, especially among the Italians and Spaniards, unaccustomed to such inclement weather; great numbers were disabled from serving, and many died. At length, such breaches were made as seemed practicable, and Charles resolved to hazard a general assault, in spite of all the remonstrances of his generals against the imprudence of attacking a numerous garrison, conducted and animated by the most gallant of the French nobility, with an army weakened by disease, and disheartened with ill success. The Duke of Guise, suspecting the emperor's intentions from the extraordinary movements which he observed in the enemy's camp, ordered all his troops to their respective posts. They appeared

immediately on the walls, and behind the breaches, with such a determined countenance, so eager for the combat, and so well prepared to give the assailants a warm reception, that the imperialists, instead of advancing to the charge when the word of command was given, stood motionless in a timid, dejected silence. The emperor, perceiving that he could not trust troops whose spirits were so much broken, retired abruptly to his quarters, complaining that he was now deserted by his soldiers, who deserved no longer the name of men.

"Deeply as this behavior of his troops mortified and affected Charles, he would not hear of abandoning the siege, though he saw the necessity of changing the method of attack. He suspended the fury of his batteries, and proposed to proceed by the more secure but tedious method of sapping. But as it still continued to rain or to snow almost incessantly, such as were employed

in this service endured incredible hardships; and the Duke of Guise, whose industry was not inferior to his valor, discovering all their mines, counterworked them, and prevented their effect. At last, Charles finding it impossible to contend any longer with the severity of the season, and with enemies whom he could neither overpower by force nor subdue by art, while at the same time a contagious distemper raged among his troops, and cut off daily great numbers of officers as well as the soldiers, yielded to the solicitations of his generals, who conjured him to save the remains of his army by a timely retreat. 'Fortune,' says he, 'I now perceive, resembles other females, and chooses to confer her favors on young men, while she turns her back on those who are advanced in years.'

"Upon this, he gave orders immediately to raise the siege, and submitted to the disgrace of abandoning the enterprise, after having

continued fifty-six days before the town, during which time he had lost upwards of thirty thousand men, who died of diseases or were killed by the enemy."

Lucien Melingue's picture of the gouty and ailing emperor being assisted into his litter in the snow-covered camp before Metz is an excellent example of the ability of the artist, who died in 1889, at forty-seven. The Luxembourg holds his "Etienne Marcel and the Dauphin Charles," and he won a first class medal at the Salon of 1877, with "The Morning of the 10th Thermidor."

ALVA

"In war . . . he was inferior to no commander in the world during the long and belligerent period to which his life belonged. . . . But his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom." — MOTLEY.

FERDINAND ALVAREZ DE TOLEDO, Duke of Alva, was, in his youth, a very hero of romance. Brave and enthusiastic, he had proved his prowess on a battle-field when but sixteen years of age, and a later exploit consisted in riding from Hungary to Spain and back in seventeen days, for the sake of a brief visit to his newly married wife, to whom he was ardently attached. Such a chivalrous deed seems but little in keeping with the Duke of Alva who established, to his everlasting infamy, the terrible "Council of Blood."

"In the same despatch of the 9th September (1567) in which the duke communicated to Philip the capture of Egmont and Horn, he announced to him his determination to establish a new court for the trial of crimes committed during the recent period of troubles. This wonderful tribunal was accordingly created with the least possible delay. It was called the Council of Troubles, but it soon acquired the terrible name, by which it will be forever known in history, of the Blood Council. It superseded all other institutions. Every court, from those of the municipal magistrates up to the supreme councils of the provinces, was forbidden to take cognizance in future of any cause growing out of the late troubles. The council of state, although it was not formally disbanded, fell into complete desuetude, its members being occasionally summoned into Alva's private chambers in an irregular manner, while its principal functions were usurped

by the Blood Council. Not only citizens of every province, but the municipal bodies, and even the sovereign provincial estates themselves, were compelled to plead, like humble individuals, before this new and extraordinary tribunal. It is unnecessary to allude to the absolute violation which was thus committed of all charters, laws and privileges, because the very creation of the council was a bold and brutal proclamation that those laws and privileges were at an end. The constitution or maternal principle of this suddenly erected court was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the new bishops, the Inquisition, or the edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances, to have omitted resistance to the image-breaking, to the field-preaching, or to the presentation of the request by the nobles,

and 'either through sympathy or surprise,' to have asserted that the king did not possess the right to deprive all the provinces of their liberties, or to have maintained that this present tribunal was bound to respect in any manner any laws or any charters. In these brief and simple, but comprehensive terms was the crime of high treason defined. The punishment was still more briefly, simply, and comprehensively stated, for it was instant death in all cases. So well, too, did this new and terrible engine perform its work, that in less than three months from the time of its erection, eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death by its summary proceedings; some of the highest, the noblest, and the most virtuous in the land among the number; nor had it then manifested the slightest indication of faltering in its dread career.

"Yet, strange to say, this tremendous court, thus established upon the ruins of all the ancient institutions of the country, had not

been provided with even a nominal authority from any source whatever. The king had granted it no letters patent or charter, nor had even the Duke of Alva thought it worth while to grant any commissions, either in his own name or as captain-general, to any of the members composing the board. The Blood Council was merely an informal club, of which the duke was perpetual president, while the other members were all appointed by himself.

"Of these subordinate councillors, two had the right of voting, subject, however, in all cases, to his final decision, while the rest of the number did not vote at all. It had not, therefore, in any sense, the character of a judicial, legislative, or executive tribunal, but was purely a board of advice by which the bloody labors of the duke were occasionally lightened as to detail, while not a feather's weight of power or of responsibility was removed from his shoulders. He reserved for

A Family of Nobles before the Council of Blood.

From painting by Charles Soubre.

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himself the final decision upon all causes which should come before the council, and stated his motives for so doing with grim simplicity. 'Two reasons,' he wrote to the king, 'have determined me thus to limit the power of the tribunal; the first that, not knowing its members, I might be easily deceived by them; the second, that *the men of law* only condemn *for crimes which are proved;* whereas your Majesty knows that affairs of state are governed by very different rules from *the laws which they have here.*'

". . . Such being the method of operation, it may be supposed that the councillors were not allowed to slacken in their terrible industry. The register of every city, village, and hamlet throughout the Netherlands showed the daily lists of men, women, and children thus sacrificed at the shrine of the demon who had obtained the mastery over this unhappy land. It was not often that an individual was of sufficient importance to be tried

— if trial it could be called — by himself. It was found more expeditious to send them in batches to the furnace. Thus, for example, on the 4th of January, eighty-four inhabitants of Valenciennes were condemned; on another day, ninety-five miscellaneous individuals, from different places in Flanders; on another, forty-six inhabitants of Malines; on another, thirty-five persons from different localities, and so on.

". . . Thus the whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. The spirit of the nation, within a few months after the arrival of Alva, seemed hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection

were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffolds, the gallows, the funeral-piles, which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the incessant executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields, were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded. The orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies."

DRAKE

"Chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness." — THOMAS FULLER.

To the majority of people, the best known incident in Drake's life is probably one connected with the Great Armada — how, when the famous English sailor was playing bowls one July day on Plymouth Hoe, word was brought that the Spanish fleet had been sighted off the Lizard, and Drake checked the disposition of his officers to put to sea at once by laughingly declaring that there was plenty of time to "win the game and beat the Spaniards, too."

Yet, though Drake played an important part in the defeat of the Armada, his renown, through circumstances which space forbids explaining here, rests mainly on other exploits. One of the most noteworthy of these

was performed at Cadiz in 1587, the year before the coming of Philip's ships-of-war to the hoped-for conquest of England. It is thus described by an English writer: "By all the rules of war, on which Borough was the great authority in the service, to attack without the most elaborate precautions was madness. But Drake was born to break rules. He was ready to pit bowline and broadside against oars and chasers. In vain Borough pleaded for waiting at least till nightfall; Drake would not listen. The enemy were before him; his authority was in his pocket; the wind held fair; and, to the vice-admiral's disgust, at four o'clock in the afternoon he stood in.

"From Port St. Mary two galleys had been ordered out to ascertain the stranger's intention, and at these Drake dashed, nor did they escape without severe punishment. As he opened the harbor there lay before him, opposite the shore end of the town,

some sixty sail of ships, and under the second battery were a crowd of caravels and small barks. Almost every class and every nationality were represented in the throng, and all of them, except those which were preparing for the American voyage, were engaged in some way or other upon the service of the great enterprise. Some were loaded, some loading, some waiting for a cargo, and almost all waiting for their guns to arrive from Italy. Many of them had no sails, it being the practice to remove them from requisitioned ships in order to prevent desertion. As Drake's fire upon the galleys declared his purpose, the harbor became a scene of terror and confusion. Every vessel that had means of movement cut its cables and fled for the nearest refuge. A score or so of small French and native craft got over the shoals into Port St. Mary, and six Dutch hulks made for Port Royal. To cover the rest, ten galleys were seen to put boldly

out from under the first battery and bear down upon Drake's beam. But he was not to be frightened. Leaving the merchantmen to take the helpless vessels in hand, with the four queen's ships he defiantly met the Spanish attack. Passing across the course of the advancing galleys, he received them with raking broadsides. It was a lesson that needed no repeating. Torn and mangled by the unprecedented storm of fire, they turned and fled. Two retired beyond Puntales without more ado, and made off to Port Royal; seven took up an unassailable position inside the Puercas reef, where they were covered by the castle guns, while the tenth had to be hauled ashore to save her from sinking. Thus left to complete their evening's work unmolested, the English came to anchor amongst their prizes.

"By nightfall all the vessels that had not been able to get into the inner harbor were in Drake's hands. One, a large 'argosy'

carrying forty guns, was unfortunately sunk by the English fire. Those that had sails were kept, and the rest were plundered and given to the flames. All this was done under fire of the second battery. So now by the flare of the conflagration, as the burning ships drifted upon the shoals, Drake ordered the *Merchant Royal* to lead the private ships close up to the Puntales passage, and there to anchor out of range of the town guns. He himself took up a position somewhat to seaward, with the other royal ships near him, to cover his merchantmen from a fresh attack by the galleys. Borough, it seems, was anxious to complete their work at once and get out safely to sea again, content with the havoc they had wrought. But Drake would not listen to such caution. Great as was the destruction, he was still unsatisfied. As yet there was little to show of profit to the adventurers. He had still another exploit in his mind, and,

dismissing the captains who had come to consult him, he ordered them to lie quiet all night and not move unless he did.

"At daylight next morning Drake weighed, and to Borough's dismay, instead of working out, moved the *Bonaventure* still farther in, and came to anchor amongst the rearmost merchantmen. In the inner harbor lay a splendid vessel belonging to no less a person than Santa Cruz himself, the commander-in-chief of the English enterprise; this he was resolved to take, and regardless of the two galleys that were in the inner harbor covering the shipping at Port Royal, he rapidly organized a flotilla of the pinnaces and boats of the fleet, and with the *Merchant Royal* led them in on the flood in person to effect the capture. . . . Meanwhile Drake's work was completed, and having gutted Santa Cruz's galleon and set her on fire in spite of the galleys, the flotilla and the *Merchant Royal* came out. During the past thirty-six

hours, the fleet had been entirely re-victualled with wine, oil, biscuit, and dried fruits. Thousands of tons of shipping, and a vast quantity of stores had been destroyed, and six vessels laden with provisions were prizes in the fleet. The official Spanish return sets the loss down at twenty-four vessels, valued with their cargoes at 172,000 ducats, or about three-quarters of a million of our money, but all told it was probably still more. Satisfied at last, by midday Drake had the inshore division all in their positions again, and in fine order prepared to make sail. But now, as luck would have it, the wind fell, and he had to remain where he was, exposed to all the devices the Spanish could invent to destroy him. By this time troops were pouring along the isthmus into Cadiz, and the Spaniards, inspired with new life, made every effort to take advantage of Drake's predicament. Guns were moved down into the sand-hills and brought to bear on the fleet,

fire-ships were launched against him with the tide, and the galleys attacked again and again. Now, if ever, was their time. 'There were never galleys,' says one English report, 'that had more fit place for their advantage in fight; for upon the shot that they received they had present succor from the town, which they used sundry times, we riding in a narrow gut, the place yielding no better,' yet all was of no avail. Drake, the day before, had demonstrated the superiority, in a wind, of well-armed broadside ships against more than double their number of galleys; now he was to prove it in a calm. If the smooth water was favorable to vessels of free movement, it was also favourable to gunnery. Galleys, we have seen, never carried more than one gun of long range. The *Bonaventure* had sixteen (culverins, cannons, and demi-culverins). The result was that the galleys one after another were disabled and compelled to retire before they

could get within effective range. Nor were the fire-ships more successful. Not one did the English allow to approach them, and as they watched the vessels burning themselves out harmlessly upon the shoals, they laughed to think how the Spaniards were saving them trouble. Still the calm continued, and for all that day they had to lie where they were, harassed by the Spanish fire. It was not till two o'clock the next morning that the land wind sprang up again. Drake immediately made sail, and sweeping the galleys once more from his path, stood out past the batteries. 'Then,' says the 'Brief Relation,' 'having performed this notable service, we came out of the Road of Cadiz on the Friday morning with very little loss, not worth the mentioning.' Ten of the galleys presumed to give chase, and upon the weather falling calm again, when the English were barely outside, they once more attacked. During the whole forenoon the action continued, but

The Admiral of the Spanish Armada Surrenders to Drake.

From painting by Seymour Lucas.

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with the same result as before. Before the galleys had inflicted any harm on their enemy, a south breeze sprang up, and they were compelled to draw off and leave Drake to anchor outside in full view of the town, in triumph and undisturbed."

The "Surrender" depicted in the painting we here repeat was that of the Spanish admiral Don Pedro de Valdes, who commanded a division of the Armada, to Drake, on board of the *Revenge*. John Seymour Lucas, a Royal Academician (born in 1849), who painted "The Surrender," has also portrayed the episode of Drake and his captains at bowls, in his picture entitled "The Armada in Sight." Lucus has contributed to British art several other works of a historic nature, such as "The Gordon Riots," "Charles I. before Gloucester," "A 'Whip' for Van Tromp," and "St. Paul's: The King's Visit to Wren." "William the Conqueror Granting the Charter to the Citizens of London," by

Lucas, is one of the frescos in the Royal Exchange.

SPINOLA

"When Maurice of Nassau, second son of William the Silent, and even more distinguished in the field than his father, was asked who was the greatest living general, he replied, 'Spinola is the second.'" — S. ARTHUR BENT.

ALLOWING that Maurice was right in estimating himself as the *first* general of his day, he was so nearly matched by his great adversary, the Marquis Spinola, that he must often have experienced —

> "the stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

It was in the year (1625) of Maurice's death that Spinola captured Breda, after a ten months' siege, during which the Dutch defended the city with great valor and endurance. The siege was undertaken by Spinola on receipt of this laconic order from Philip

The Surrender of Breda.

From painting by Velazquez.

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IV., "Marquis, take Breda" — and its success added greatly to his reputation. The capture of Breda is, indeed, considered to be Spinola's most illustrious action.

This distinguished general, although in the service of Spain, was an Italian, a native of Genoa. Here, though of ancient family, he had been engaged in commerce, until the renown obtained by his younger brother Frederick, an admiral in the Spanish navy, aroused in him an ambition to seek similar distinction.

It may have been Spinola's business training which prompted him to do what few generals of his period endeavored to perform, namely, to see that his soldiers were paid regularly and fully, and this custom proved of the greatest advantage to him. The words which he addressed to his army, when about to cross the Rhine, are well worth noting in this connection:

"And as Julius Cæsar, when he passed the

river in Italy, set up his resolution to put up for the Roman Empire or to die under the attempt, so, though there be great difference in the enterprise and far more in the person, yet I will with your help and the sword make my passage through this country before us, and possess it; and, as I shall receive commandment from my king to join with the imperial army in a contest which I undertake for the Catholic religion, and for the just rights of the emperor, you shall not want for anything, having, as ye well know, brought sufficient treasure with me. And for a testimony of my love to you, and of my confidence in you, I will expressly give order that you have two months' pay beforehand, which shall be paid unto you before you pass any further upon my service. We are seven and twenty thousand men at arms by muster; better men the world cannot afford. Of these, above three-fourths have met the enemy in the face. All are valiant and

loyal, and sithence the eye of all the Christian world and more is upon us, let us, for God's sake and our own, effect things worthy of so valorous an army. So I commend you all and our endeavors to the affection of the Almighty."

Ambrogio Spinola was, moreover, humane, just, and generous, in short a gentleman, as he certainly looks in the picture of the surrender of Breda, painted by his friend, the great Velazquez, wherein the courteous conqueror receives the key of the fallen city from its governor, Justin of Nassau.

It is not pleasant to read that Spinola's eminent services to Spain were ill requited. He is said to have died of a broken heart — a victim to the ingratitude of princes.

WALLENSTEIN

"He was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest generals of his time, and thus in a sense superior to all others; for he knew how to collect armies, how to discipline them in the shortest time, how to organize them, how to direct them best in combat, and how most certainly to lead them to victory." — SIR EDWARD CUST.

THREE pictures having Wallenstein for their subject were painted by the celebrated Piloty. One, which was at the Paris Exposition of 1878, shows the imperialist general on his way to Eger; another, which we here present, depicts the assassins of Wallenstein carrying his dead body from the chamber, while the astrologer, Seni, looks on in horror; and the third, the best known of all (being in the New Pinacothek at Munich), represents Seni standing in sad and solemn contemplation by the lifeless form of his great patron.

Had Wallenstein's towering ambition in-

deed led him so far that he was ripe for revolt against his master, the Emperor Ferdinand, or was the death secretly and without trial inflicted upon him, the cowardly deed of an ingrate who thus basely repaid the immense services rendered to his crown by the great general? Historians do not agree in their answers to this question.

Schiller allies himself with those who believe Wallenstein a traitor, as may be seen by reading these lines from the fifth act of his drama. The scene is in Eger, just before the assassination of the general by some of his own soldiers:

"SCENE IV. — WALLENSTEIN, GORDON

WALLENSTEIN

All quiet in the town?

GORDON

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN

I hear a boisterous music! and the castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON

There is a banquet given at the castle
To the Count Terzky and Field Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN

In honor of the victory.— This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[WALLENSTEIN *takes the keys from* GORDON.

So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends,
For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[*Fixing his eye on* GORDON.

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[*The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

WALLENSTEIN

Take care — what is that?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here — give it.

[*He takes and looks at the chain.*

'Twas the first present of the emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,

He being then archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit —
From superstition, if you will. Belike,
It was to be a talisman to me;
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

[*Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments.* WALLENSTEIN *rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before* GORDON *in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were pages of the court; together
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The moralist and preacher, and wouldst rail at me
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold, unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)

Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

GORDON

My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN

Art thou already
In harbor then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquer'd spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front, almost
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the saloon and remains on the opposite side, over against* GORDON.

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful; with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And, like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares

Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True, in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops,
Repress'd and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for Hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men,
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*)

I hear the very Gordon, that of old
Was wont to preach, now once more preaching;
I know well that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute;
This long ago the ancient pagans knew,
And therefore of their own accord they offer'd
To themselves injuries, so to atone

The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.
[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*
I, too, have sacrificed to him.—"

Mitchell thus describes the murder of Wallenstein: "Toward midnight, Butler, followed by Devereux and six dragoons, proceeded to Wallenstein's quarters; and as it was not unusual for officers of rank to call upon the general at late hours, the guard allowed them to enter. Devereux, with his party, ascended the stairs, while Butler remained below to wait the result.

"It is said that Wallenstein had, only a few minutes before, dismissed for the night an Italian astrologer of the name of Seni, who was then attached to his household, and who declared that the stars still boded impending danger, which Wallenstein himself either could not or would not see. He had just retired to bed, and the servant who had

The Murder of Wallenstein.

From painting by Carl von Piloty.

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undressed him was descending the stair when he met Devereux and his party and desired them to make less noise, 'as the duke was going to sleep.' 'But this is a time for noise!' shouted Devereux, as he pressed on. Finding the door of the bedchamber locked, he burst it open with his foot, and entered, followed by the soldiers. Wallenstein was standing at the window: startled by the screams of the ladies, Terzky and Kinsky, who lodged in the house opposite, and who had just learned the murder of their husbands, he had opened the casement and was asking the sentinel what was the matter, at the moment Devereux broke into the room. The sight of his long-honored and long-obeyed commander arrested not the hand of this bold and ruthless assassin. 'Thou must die!' he exclaimed, and Wallenstein, true to his pride of character, disdained to parley, even for life, with a slave and a stabber. Dignified to the last, he

threw open his arms to the blow, and sunk without a word or groan beneath the first thrust of the traitor's halberd, the blade of which went right through his breast. Thus fell a man who, as Gualdo says, 'was one of the greatest commanders, most generous princes, and most enlightened ministers of his own, or of any preceding time.'"

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

"The great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, taking towns, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who followed the noble profession of arms."

— SCOTT'S "LEGEND OF MONTROSE."

THE greatest and best of the great captains whose names are irrevocably linked with the history of the Thirty Years' War died at a younger age — excepting his successor, the gallant Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar,

who perished at thirty-four — than any of the men who rose to eminence in the mighty struggle.

The veteran Tilly was both defeated and mortally wounded at the battle of the Lech, in the spring of the same year (1632) that saw the death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen a few months later. The Swedish hero then lacked a few days of thirty-eight years old, being some six months younger than the imperial general, Pappenheim, also killed at Lützen. It is a matter of curious interest that this brave and battle-scarred Pappenheim, who had received over a hundred wounds, and was said to be the only one of his opponents whom Gustavus feared (if he feared any), not only affected to resemble him in all things, "but, what was, indeed, more difficult, he did, indeed, resemble the King of Sweden in good morals and piety."

Archbishop Trench, in his "Gustavus

Adolphus in Germany," gives us an admirable account of the end of the "Lion of the North." He says: "The field of Lützen, only a few miles from the Breitenfeld, and, like it, not then, for the last time, destined to take the rich incarnadine of blood, was the spot which his death should make memorable forever. There should be the appointed term and bourne of his short but glorious career. Gustavus would appear, for some time back, to have had a presentiment that the end was not far off. At the siege of Ingolstadt, — the only city, by the way, in Germany which, besieging, he did not take, — his horse was killed under him by a cannon-ball from the walls, and the king himself, hurled with it to the ground, was at first supposed, by those about him, to be slain as well. Had this been so, the same day (April 20, 1632) would have seen his death and that of Tilly, who had been carried to the city, and was dying there. His hour, however, had not

Gustavus Adolphus before the Battle of Lutzen.

From painting by Ludwig Braun.

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fully come; and he rose, not seriously hurt, only saying to those about him, 'The apple is not ripe yet.' It was not ripe, but it was nearly so. Yet, whatever presentiment he may have had, he was more than cheerful as he went forth to this, the latest labor of his life. It was ever so with him upon such occasions, for in him were grandly fulfilled those grand lines of our own poet, who portrays 'The Happy Warrior' as one who, —

> "'called upon to face
> Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for humankind,
> Is happy as a lover, and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.'

A severe wound, received in his Polish campaigns, made the wearing of his armor very painful to him. When it was brought him this morning, he declined to put it on, saying, 'God is my armor,' and entered into battle without it. The story of his death is told in many ways; and, while the broader

features of the closing scene stand out before us distinct and clear, there is much uncertainty in the accessory details, and we have no choice but to select such of these as seem to us the best accredited, or, where there is no weight of evidence on the one side greater than on the other, the most probable; and this, to the best of my judgment, I shall proceed to do. The king was a little short-sighted, and always, as I have already mentioned, tempted to expose himself overmuch. That morning a heavy mist hung over the field; and, in riding, accompanied by a small staff, from one part of the field to another, he found himself suddenly face to face with some of the imperial cuirassiers. 'Look out for those black fellows, or they will do us mischief,' he said, to those around him. But presently, whether urged on by his native impetuosity, by that Berserker rage latent in his Scandinavian blood, or that this was not now to be avoided, he was

entangled in a conflict hand to hand with these. His left arm was shattered with a pistol-shot. At first, he thought to have remained on the field, and was unwilling it should be known that he was wounded; but, growing faint with pain and the loss of blood, he said to a German prince at his side, 'Cousin, lead me out of the tumult, for I am hurt.' At this instant, an imperialist officer rode close behind him, — no one hindering, for he was not recognized as an enemy, — and shot the king between the shoulders. He fell from his horse, which dragged him a few paces, and then, disengaging itself and rushing wildly along the Swedish lines with bloody housings, announced to all that some misfortune had befallen the king. All who were round him fled, save one young German aide-de-camp or volunteer, who, dismounting, would fain have raised and set him on his own horse. The king stretched out his hands to him; but the attempt to lift him was vain,

for Gustavus was a large man, and probably wounded to the death already. Meanwhile, three of the enemy's horsemen rode up, and demanded who this officer of rank, that lay wounded on the ground, might be. Löbelfing, — for he should not pass unnamed, — refusing to give the name, received several hurts, of which he died five days after, but was able to give this account of the latest moments of his lord. 'I am the King of Sweden,' feebly exclaimed Gustavus. A pistol-shot through the head and several sword-thrusts through the body were the answer. His hat, blackened with the powder and pierced with the ball, is still to be seen in the arsenal at Vienna, his bloody buff-coat as well. More is not known of the final agony, except that, when the tide of battle had a little ebbed, the body of the hero-king was found with the face to the ground, despoiled and stripped to the shirt, trodden under the hoofs of horses, trampled in the

mire, and disfigured with all these wounds. The surgeon who embalmed the corpse, that it might be sent to Sweden for burial, found upon it seven freshly inflicted wounds, with the scars and cicatrices of thirteen more. Such was the end. The pitcher which had gone often to the well *was* broken at last; but the treasure which the earthen vessel contained was not, with the broken sherds of that vessel, spilt upon the ground."

The German battle-painter, Louis Braun, born in 1836, has produced two pictures of Gustavus at Lützen, the one which we reproduce, and another showing the death of the king. Besides these, among others, he has painted a "Tournament at Nuremberg in 1496," a "Suabian Kirmess," "Episode from the Battle of Wörth," "Capitulation of Sedan," "The Germans at Versailles," "The Entry into Paris," and a panorama of the battle of Sedan.

CROMWELL

"It was by his military genius, by the might of the legions that he created and controlled and led to victory upon victory; it was at Marston and Naseby, at Preston and Worcester, in Ireland and at Dunbar, that Cromwell set his deep mark on the destinies of England as she was, and of that vaster dominion into which the English realm was in the course of ages to be transformed."

— JOHN MORLEY.

THE distinguished English writer from whose book on Cromwell the above lines are taken, sees an interesting similarity between the conflict at Bunker Hill and that at Marston Moor. These battles, he says, "rank among those engagements that have a lasting significance in history, where military results were secondary to moral effect. It was these encounters that first showed that the champions of the popular cause intended and were able to make a stand-up fight against the forces of the monarchy."

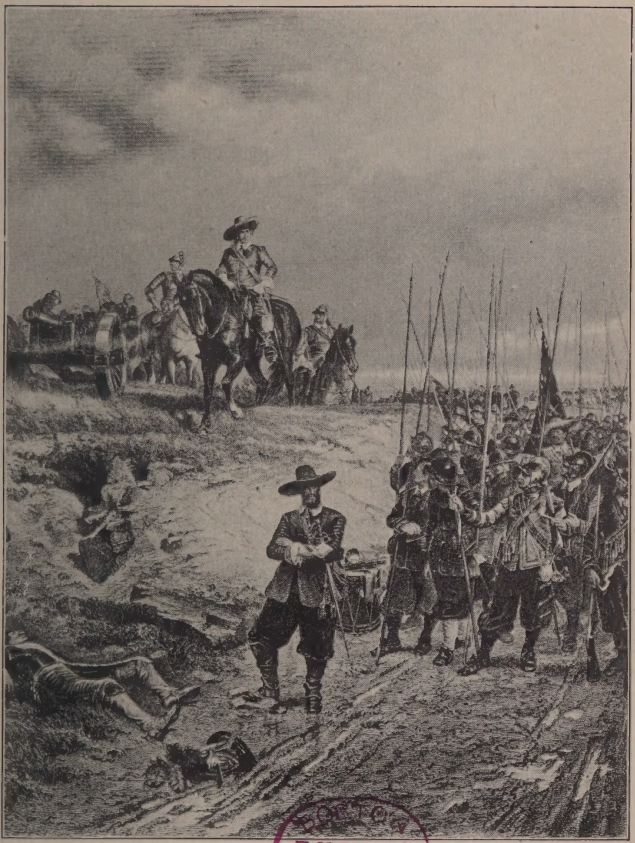
On the changeable July day when Mars-

ton Moor was fought, forty-five thousand men faced each other on either side of the ditch which divided the armies, during a long afternoon. Then, as Baldock's account says:

"Rupert and Newcastle met and discussed the situation. It was seven o'clock, too late to begin the action. The Roundheads were short of provisions, there was no water but that in puddles on their side, the wells near Marston had already been drunk dry. It would be better to rest and refresh their men and attack the fasting enemy in the morning. Newcastle turned off to his coach to sup and sleep. Rupert to his, to solace his impatient temper with a pipe. Probably an order was passed through the ranks that the men might eat their suppers. But there were quick, eager eyes watching every movement in the royalist army from the corn-fields on the gentle slopes yonder. Scarcely had Rupert lit his pipe, when the well-known Puritan war-cry, the drawling chant of some old

psalm tune, struck his ear. He looked round — the whole Puritan army was advancing! Down off the Cow Warrant, past Bilton Breame, came Cromwell's steel-clad horsemen. Three hundred picked men of his own regiment led by himself formed the forlorn hope. On his right Crawford's infantry were pressing forward at the run, and farther to their right the Scots and Lord Fairfax's infantry were pushing through the hedgerows toward the ditch. Down by Long Marston village, Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse were crowding into the narrow lane which led across the ditch, or picking their way through the furze bushes on the extreme flank. The roar of cannon, the ring of musketry, the loud cries, the chanted psalms, and the tramp of men and horse confused the ear. A moment before all had been stillness and silence, now all was movement and noise. Swinging himself into the saddle, Rupert galloped down to lead on his men and stop the rush of

Cromwell at Marston Moor.
From painting by Ernest Crofts.



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Cromwell's troopers. It is said he led his own regiment in the van. But the Puritan forlorn hope crossed the ditch in unbroken order, and crashed into the royalist ranks. Unable to sustain the weight of the heavily armored, close-knit mass, Rupert's regiment gave way. The Cavalier second line came to its support and restored the fight, and, pressing on the flanks of Cromwell's chosen troopers, succeeded even in driving them somewhat back. But they were in turn supported, and a furious fight ensued. 'We stood,' says Walton, 'at swords' point a pretty while, hacking at one another.' Then David Leslie, with his reserve of Scotch horse pushing into the gap between the Cavalier horse and foot, fell upon Rupert's flank, and at last Cromwell's squadrons 'brake through them, scattering them like a little dust.' 'They fly,' says Slingsby, 'along by Wilstrop woodside as fast and as thick as could be.'

"Sending his leading troops on to press the

pursuit, Cromwell re-formed the remainder ready for use elsewhere. In the centre the battle was raging furiously. Crawford's brigades, running on a level with Cromwell's horsemen, crossed the ditch, and their left wing, pouring into the gaps between the royal horse and foot, swung round to the right and fell on Tillyer's flanks, driving back the regiments on that side. This success enabled the Scots of the centre to cross the ditch. But then the forward movement was checked. Away on the Parliamentary right, Fairfax's troopers had dashed down the lane and through the furze bushes in some disorder. As they approached the royalist line, the fire from the musketeers behind the hedges and between the squadrons added to their disorder. Debouching on to the moor, they attempted to re-form, but being charged by Goring's horsemen, they were flung back in great confusion. Without giving them a moment's respite, Goring pressed furiously

on, and drove them back to and through the reserve of Scots. In a few minutes Fairfax's horsemen were scattered in hopeless rout. Galloping wildly back, they trampled the Yorkshire foot under their horses' hoofs. The panic spread; the men threw away their arms and ran. Sir Thomas, plucking the white symbol out of his helmet, with a few followers broke through the royalist horse and joined Cromwell on the left. A troop of Balgony's Scotch lancers did the same. Eglington's horsemen preserved their ranks, but lost heavily. Excepting these, the whole Parliamentary right wing, horse and foot, were streaming across the fields in the wildest flight. After them spurred Goring in hot pursuit.

"Sir Charles Lucas, who commanded part of the royalist horse of this left wing, kept his men back when Goring galloped off in pursuit. Wheeling to the right, he flung himself on the flank of the Scotch foot, now

across the ditch, and hotly engaged with the royalist foot. The Scotchmen fought gallantly, but lost heavily. Twice were the Cavaliers repulsed, but at a heavy price. Whole regiments disappeared or became mixed with others. Lumsden, seeing the danger, hurried up his reserves to support Lindsay's and Maitland's regiments, who were making a gallant stand. A third charge was repulsed, and Lucas himself dismounted, wounded, and taken prisoner. But no foot could much longer withstand these repeated attacks in front and flank. Unless help came soon they must be crushed.

"Cromwell, as soon as he had rallied his own and Leslie's squadrons, wheeled to his right, as Lucas had done on the other flank, and fell on the right and rear of the royalist foot, hotly engaged with Crawford's brigades. Conspicuous amongst the royalists, stood Newcastle's own Northumbrian regiment. These men had sworn to dye their white

coats red in the blood of their foes. Attacked by horse and foot in front, flank, and rear, they refused to fly or yield; and, like the king's regiment at Edgehill, died where they stood in their ranks. Only forty of them escaped.

"Sweeping down the line, Cromwell's troopers rode over and dispersed one royalist regiment after another. Suddenly, through the deepening twilight, their leader perceived the royal horse charging the flanks of the Scots, and pursuing the Yorkshire foot over the ridge beyond. He thus became aware for the first time that the Parliamentary right wing had been routed. Ever cool in the hottest fight, with his well-disciplined squadrons always well in hand, Cromwell called his men off, and re-formed them in line of battle; re-formed them on the same ground and facing the same way as Goring's horse had stood before the battle commenced. Crawford formed up his Eastern Association foot on

Cromwell's right. When all was ready, the signal to charge was given.

"Lucas's and Porter's men were reeling back from their last charge on the Scots. Goring's horsemen were returning from the chase, when they found the dreaded Ironsides drawn up across their path. In vain they tried to rally. Hampered now as Fairfax had been before, by hedgerows and bushes, they were, like him, caught before they could re-form. Cromwell's heavy, compact masses burst through their scattered squadrons. In a few minutes the Cavaliers were urging their tired horses more vigorously in flight than they had just before in pursuit.

"The remaining foot were soon dispersed. Darkness — it was now ten o'clock — stopped the pursuit, but the victory was already complete. Lucas, Porter, and Tillyer were prisoners, with fifteen hundred officers and men. All the royalist cannon, 130 barrels of

powder, and ten thousand arms remained in the hands of the victors."

The English poet, W. C. Bennett, has written a stirring poem on the victory, from which the following verses are taken:

"And Cromwell, his servant, spoke the word:
Praise we the Lord!
'On! smite for the Lord! spare not!' we heard:
Praise we the Lord!
Hotly our spirits within us stirred;
Reins were loosened and flanks were spurred,
And the heathen went down before God and his word.
To his name alone be the glory!

"Lo, the bow of the Lord was strong this day;
Praise we the Lord!
And the arm of our God was strong to slay;
Praise we the Lord!
He gave us the proud ones for a prey;
He chased the mighty from out our way;
He gave us the high ones low to lay.
To the Lord alone be the glory!

"Where are ye, ye noble and ye proud?
Praise we the Lord!

Where are ye who cried 'gainst his saints aloud?
Praise we the Lord!
The great of the earth in death are bowed;
They who vaunted their strength his breath has cowed;
Bloody they lie, where the kite screams loud.
To the Lord our God be glory!

"Lo, the Lord our helper hath heard our cries;
Praise we the Lord!
He hath raised the foolish and shamed the wise;
Praise we the Lord!
In him our rock and our sure hope lies;
To him shall the cry of his servants rise;
Woe to them who his chosen dare despise!
To the Lord our God be glory!

"Ho! Baal priests, did we cry in vain?
Praise we the Lord!
He shall break ye, ye sons of Dagon, again;
Praise we the Lord!
He shall winnow the chaff from the priceless grain;
He shall skim the pot till no dross remain;
And the Lord our God and his saints shall reign!
To the Lord alone be glory!"

One of the leading military painters of England is Ernest Crofts, now a Royal Acad-

emician, who, born at Leeds in 1857, studied his art in Germany under Emil Hünten. His "Cromwell at Marston Moor" was at the Royal Academy in 1877. Several of his pictures have for their subject either Cromwell or Charles I., while others present episodes in the military careers of Napoleon and of his great antagonist, the Duke of Wellington. Crofts was awarded a bronze medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

TURENNE

"He preserved the reputation of a man of worth, wise and moderate, because his virtues and great talents, which were his own, covered weaknesses and faults which were common to him with so many other men."

— VOLTAIRE.

SIX thousand of Cromwell's famous "Ironsides" once fought under Turenne against the Spaniards, at the battle of the Dunes, whither they had been sent by the Protector in accordance with a treaty made with France,

in 1658, and materially aided in gaining the victory which brought about the Peace of the Pyrenees.

Seventeen years later, Turenne fought his last campaign. During this he "crossed the Rhine by a bridge of boats at Ottenheim, and for some time kept oscillating between that place, where he had to defend his own communications, and Strasburg, which offered, without vigilance on his part, a passage to the enemy. He found this arc too large, and contracted his exposed front by bringing his bridge somewhat lower down, to Altenheim. Above Strasburg the river is studded with countless islands, which offer great facilities for laying pontoons at any point. Then ensued a long struggle between him and Montecuculli, each endeavoring with all his ingenuity to starve the other; encamping and decamping, threatening the neutral inhabitants of Strasburg, palisading the shallower channels of the river, and can-

nonading the wider, to prevent the passage of meal and flour, striking out new foraging roads through unpenetrated forests, and exhausting the mere toys and arts of strategy. These manœuvres were seasoned with more exciting matter: skirmishes, battle offered and refused, attempts to surprise the opponents, or to cross the Rhine at some new spot. At last, near Sassbach, about half-way between Strasburg and Baden, Turenne broke from a deep reverie, with the words, 'I have them! They will not give me the slip any more, and I shall now reap the fruits of a campaign so wearisome.' This fulness of anticipation was contrary to his usual custom; he had a very commendable habit on such occasions of holding his tongue. The enemies' camp betrayed many symptoms of agitation and of retreat, and somebody coming up said that the German infantry was in motion. He moved to observe them, ordered those about him not to follow, and said to the

Duc d'Elbeuf, 'Nephew, stay here, you will only draw their attention.' Lord Hamilton saw him as he went past, and said, 'Come this way; they are firing in that direction.' The viscount only answered, 'I do not want to be killed to-day,' and continued his course. St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of artillery, then met him, and, stretching out his hand, said, 'Cast your eyes on the battery I have had planted there.' At this moment a cannon-shot carried off the arm of St. Hilaire, and struck right upon Turenne's belly; the horse carried him back to the assembled staff, his head bowed upon the saddle, and the illustrious general fell dead in the arms of his people. Amid the sorrowful group, St. Hilaire, in the spirit of a good officer, told his son, who apprehended the loss of the arm would be mortal, not to weep for him, but for that great man, pointing to the corpse of the viscount. Hamilton, who alone possessed any presence of mind, threw a cloak

The Death of Turenne.

From drawing by Alphonse de Neuville.

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over the dead, to conceal the misfortune from the soldiers. But the sad event got abroad; the soldiers tore their hair, and cried, 'Our father is dead, and we are lost.' Then they flocked round the body, and, after weeping at the sight, demanded to be led against the enemy, that they might revenge their father's death.

"Two lieutenant-generals, one of them suffering from a wound in the foot, succeeded to the grave responsibilities of the situation; they spent a long time in consultation. Impatient of this indecision, the men called out, 'Let loose the piebald, that will lead us.' The piebald was a horse Turenne had long ridden when with the army; it had lost an ear in 1672. Notwithstanding the temper of the troops, a retreat across the Rhine was resolved on, and executed in confusion.

"Montecuculli, the Austrian commander, when he heard of what had happened, did fitting homage to the memory of the de-

ceased. 'There died a man,' said he, 'who was an honor to humanity.' As the remains of Turenne were conveyed toward Paris, mournful processions came out to meet them; among other instances, the people of Langres went into mourning. A funeral service was performed at Notre Dame, at which the clergy, the Parliament, and university, and the corporation of Paris, attended. His bones were laid at St. Denis, and Louis XIV. granted a singular mark of his esteem, that they should repose in the royal chapel, among the kings and queens of France."

In 1801, Napoleon transferred the remains of the great marshal to the church of the Invalides, where they now rest beside the ashes of the Emperor.

Paris, some years ago, honored Alphonse de Neuville, the brilliant military painter, who died in 1885, with a statue — a tribute resulting more from patriotism, perhaps, than

from a pure appreciation of his art, meritorious as that was. Both as an illustrator and painter, De Neuville won high rank, and several of his works are in public galleries in France, two being in the Luxembourg, while some good examples of his talent are owned by American collectors. One of the few pictures by De Neuville which does not illustrate the Franco-Prussian conflict, is his "Defence of Rorke's Drift," a scene from the Zulu war.

CONDÉ

"I know nothing more noble than the despatches of Condé to the court, announcing his different victories. He speaks little of himself and much of others. In this respect Turenne resembles Condé." — COUSIN.

AN instance of the great Condé's modesty is mentioned by Madame de Sévigné, in her letters. It was after the death of Turenne, when the king had ordered Condé to take the place of his former rival. Although in decay-

ing health, the prince obeyed the command, but finding on his arrival that the army of Alsace was disorganized and that Turenne's plan of campaign had perished with him, he exclaimed, "How much I wish I could have conversed only two hours with the ghost of Monsieur de Turenne, so as to be able to follow the scope of his ideas."

This was Condé's last campaign, as Seneffe, fought the year before, was his last great battle. Mahon says:

"In 1674, Condé commanded once more upon the Flemish frontier. He encamped upon the heights of Piéton, two leagues from Charleroi, with an army of forty-five thousand men. When joined to the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange had nearly sixty thousand. He went to reconnoitre the position taken by Condé, and thinking it unassailable, he resolved to move toward Le Quesnoy. To accomplish this object, he marched from Seneffe on the 11th of August, at the earliest

dawn of day, leaving, by this movement, his flank exposed to the French army. The conqueror of Rocroi was not the man to leave such a fault unpunished. 'We have only to attack them to beat them,' cried he, laughing. Accordingly, dividing his cavalry into three squadrons, and placing himself at the head of the first, he fell upon the vanguard of the enemy with a tremendous shock, and with the most complete success. The vanguard, beset on all sides, sought refuge in the centre of their army, which had taken up its position on a hill close to Seneffe, defended by orchards and hedges, as well as by the declivity of the ground. Two attacks on the part of the French failed before such obstacles. More and more inflamed, Condé ordered M. de Fourille, one of his generals, to make a third attack. 'Monseigneur,' said this officer, 'I will go everywhere your Highness commands; but I must represent to you that the position of the enemy is such

that it cannot be forced without great bloodshed.' 'I well see,' replied the prince, fiercely, 'that you like better to reason than to fight; but it is obedience that I ask of you, and not advice.' The brave Fourille, stung to the quick by this unjust reproach, added not another word, but marched head foremost toward the enemy, as if to wash out this stain with his own blood. He did, indeed, receive soon after a mortal wound. A crowd of officers and soldiers fell around him. However, by dint of valor and sacrifice of life, the troops reached the summit of the hill, and Monsieur le Prince entered victoriously the formidable position of the enemy.

"The enemy had, however, retreated in good order to the village of Faith. There the Prince of Orange called all his troops together, and ranged them in order of battle, in a position still stronger than the last, defended by gardens, hedges, ditches, and marshes. Condé might and ought to have

been contented with his first triumphs; a new one could only be achieved by making immense sacrifices. Without allowing himself to be discouraged by these considerations, he gave the signal for attack, and the French charged with the same vigor as though they had not yet fought. Several times they succeeded in breaking through the enemy; several times they were themselves repulsed. As fast as one battalion gave way, another took its place; blood flowed on every side; every one did his duty, with the exception of two battalions of Swiss, which, scared at the slaughter, refused to proceed any farther. The chiefs of the opposite army gave a like example of the most brilliant valor. The Prince of Orange remained calm and serene during six hours in the midst of the fight; he had several horses killed under him, and was also several times on the point of being taken. On the other hand, the Prince of Condé had two horses killed under him; and

on the second of these occasions was flung with great violence into a fosse. His son, the Duke d'Enghien, who fought at his side, threw himself before him, and assisted him in rising, bruised and bleeding, from his fall. He himself was wounded while in the discharge of this sacred duty, and in saving the life of a father who passionately loved him.

"Night, however, came; but produced no pause. The conflict continued by moonlight. By eleven o'clock, however, the moon herself had disappeared, and darkness separated the combatants. At that time the enemy were still in possession of the post they had occupied, but the ground was strewn with twenty-seven thousand corpses! Condé, notwithstanding his weakness of health, had been seventeen hours on horseback. While lying upon a cloak, at the corner of a hedge, and in the midst of dead and dying, he gave his orders for recommencing the conflict at the break of day. But the soldiers

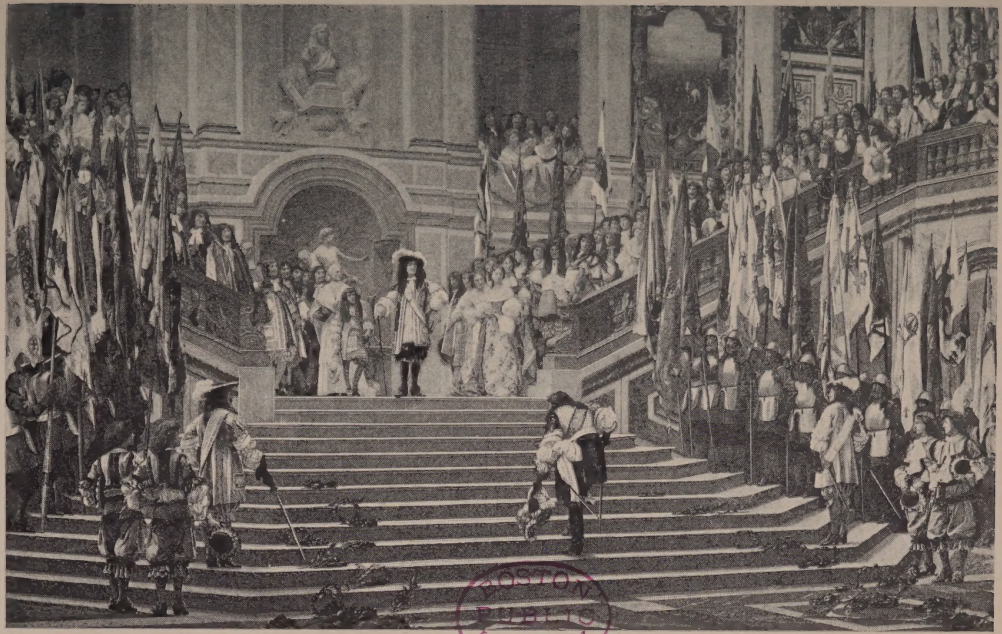
on both sides were equally discouraged by their immense losses. The enemy commenced a retreat before sunrise. On the other hand the greater part of the French divisions dispersed at the sound of this retreat; and thus it may be said that both armies fled at the same time. Condé hereupon only thought of rallying and recalling his troops. Toward nine o'clock in the morning he reëntered his camp at Piéton. 'I met him,' says Gourville, 'a league from the camp, returning in his open carriage. He could hardly speak from exhaustion; but yet he did not omit telling me that if the Swiss would have pushed on, he should have succeeded in defeating the whole army of the enemy.'

"Such was the battle of Seneffe of which each party claimed the victory; for which the 'Te Deum' was chanted at Brussels and Madrid, no less than at Paris. It was no doubt very glorious for William of Nassau,

who had scarcely attained his twenty-fourth year, to have balanced even for a moment the former renown of Monsieur le Prince: and allowing for the disproportion between Condé and Fuentes, it might be said that the Prince of Orange did nearly as much at Seneffe against Condé as Condé had himself done in his youth at Rocroi. Condé generously took pleasure in doing full justice to his adversary, saying that the Prince of Orange had everywhere behaved himself like an experienced captain; but that he had exposed his own person too much. The French, however, could display as warrants and proofs of their victory at Seneffe a hundred standards, and nearly five thousand prisoners."

Upon the return of Condé after Seneffe, he was received at Versailles by Louis, who did him the honor to await him on the grand staircase of the palace. Condé, who suffered from gout, apologized to the king for his slowness, whereupon Louis made the

Louis XIV. and the Grand Condé.
From painting by Jean Louis Gerome.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famous answer: "Do not hurry, my cousin. It is hard to walk quickly when a man is as loaded with laurels as you are."

This historic episode has been treated by Gerome in a picture which was owned by W. H. Vanderbilt, and which we reproduce. At the right hand of Louis stands the dauphin, then a boy of about thirteen, and behind him appears Cardinal Bossuet.

MARLBOROUGH

"Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name."
— GAY.

THE sanguinary battle of Malplaquet was fought on September 11, 1709, and ended in a dearly bought victory for England and her allies. About ninety thousand men were engaged on each side, the two armies being

as nearly as possible equal in point of military strength.

Alison says: "In truth, the battle of Malplaquet was a desperate duel between France and England, in which the whole strength of each nation was put forth, and the successful result was rather owing to the superior talent of the English general, and the unconquerable resolution he had communicated to his followers, than to any superiority either of military skill or national resources enjoyed by the victorious party. Nothing had occurred like it since Agincour, nothing occurred like it again till Waterloo. Blenheim itself was not nearly so hard fought. The allies lost, killed in the infantry alone, 5,544, wounded and missing, 12,706 — in all, 18,250 — of whom 286 were officers killed, and 762 wounded. Including the casualties in the cavalry and artillery, their total loss was not less than twenty thousand men, or nearly a fifth of the number engaged.

"The French loss, though they were worsted in the fight, was less considerable: it did not exceed fourteen thousand men — an unusual circumstance with a beaten army, but easily accounted for, if the formidable nature of the intrenchments which the allies had to storm in the first part of the action is taken into consideration.

"Villars wrote with truth to the French king after the battle, in the words of Pyrrhus, 'If God vouchsafes to our enemies another such battle, your Majesty may consider your enemies as destroyed.'"

Truly "a very murdering battle," as Marlborough himself called it.

The opposing generals were Marlborough and Prince Eugene against Marshals Villars and Boufflers, while on the French side rode the son of James II. (the "Old Pretender," who was generally known as the Chevalier de St. George), and no less than twelve nobles who afterward became marshals of France.

The young Maurice de Saxe, later the hero of Fontenoy, was also present at Malplaquet under Marlborough, and likewise Leopold of Dessau. Prince Eugene was wounded on the head, Villars in the knee (so badly that he had to be carried from the field), and the Pretender also received a wound.

Thackeray makes his "Esmond" say: "Every village and family in England was deploring the death of beloved sons and fathers. We dared not speak to each other, even at table, of Malplaquet, so frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heartrending for an officer who had a heart to look down his line on a parade-day afterward, and miss hundreds of faces of comrades — humble or of high rank — that had gathered but yesterday full of courage and cheerfulness round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? As the great duke reviewed us, riding along our lines with his fine suite

Marlborough at Malplaquet.
From painting by R. Caton Woodville.

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of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager smiles and bows of which his Grace was always lavish, scarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried — 'D—n you, why don't you cheer?' But the men had no heart for that; not one of them but was thinking, 'Where's my comrade? — where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear captain that led me yesterday?' 'Twas the most gloomy pageant I ever looked on, and the 'Te Deum' sung by our chaplains the most woful and dreary satire."

At Malplaquet, Marlborough charged the Garde du Corps at the head of a body of English horse and drove them from the field. This is the subject of Caton Woodville's picture, which we reproduce.

Richard Caton Woodville, although born in London in 1856, is the son of an American artist of the same name, who was a native of

Baltimore. The younger Woodville sent his first picture to the Royal Academy in 1879, its subject being "Before Leuthen." He painted the "Marriage of Princess Beatrice" for Queen Victoria, and has produced a number of battle pictures, among them being "Blenheim," "Candahar," "Maiwand — Saving the Guns" (belonging to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool), "The Guards at Tel-el-Kebir," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and "The Death of General Sir Herbert Stewart." As a war-artist for the *Illustrated London News* Woodville has gained a wide and well-deserved reputation.

PRINCE EUGENE

"He takes cities like snuff." — POPE.

MALPLAQUET was fought on the twelfth anniversary of the battle of Zenta, in Hungary, where Prince Eugene gave the Turks a thorough beating in 1697.

A lively account of the affair of Zenta, supposed to be from the famous general's own pen, appears in his "Memoirs" (published in London in 1811). It is well worth reading, and is here quoted, but truth compels us to mention that these "Memoirs" cannot be considered authentic, nor is the statement that Eugene fought at Zenta in direct disobedience of the emperor's orders accepted by the latest authorities. It follows, therefore, that the account of what took place between Leopold and Prince Eugene upon the latter's return to Vienna after the battle also falls to the ground.

But the story of the conflict itself remains.

"The Turks are never in a hurry. The Grand Signior himself, Kara Mustapha, did me the honor to arrive at Sophia with his army in the month of July. I marshalled mine at Verismarton; I recalled to me Vaudemont and Rabutin, for it appeared that the Grand Signior intended to possess himself of

Titul, in order to carry on the siege of Peterwaradin. I encamped on the 26th August, at Zenta. General Nehm was attacked. I arrived too late to his assistance, at the head of seven squadrons; I do not censure him, for he could not hold out any longer, overpowered by numbers. Thank Heaven, I have never complained of any one, nor have I ever thrown upon another the odium of a fault or a misfortune! Titul was burned. The Grand Vizier remained on this side of the Danube, which the Grand Signior had to cross to go and besiege Peterwaradin; but, after coasting it along, and concealing my intentions by my skirmishes with the spahis, I anticipated him, and passed the bridge before him. It was thus I saved Peterwaradin. This march, which I confess was a brilliant one, was worth a battle gained. I soon intrenched myself, and they did not venture to attack me. Among some prisoners which we took, there happened to be a pacha, whom

I interrogated, but in vain, respecting the designs of Kara Mustapha, but four hussars, with drawn swords, ready to hew him to pieces, soon made him confess that it was intended to approach Segedin: that afterward the Grand Signior changing his opinion, he had already begun to pass the Teisse, and that a great part of the army, under the orders of the Grand Vizier, was already strongly intrenched near Zenta. I was marching to attack him when a cursed courier arrived, and brought me a letter from the emperor, ordering me not to give battle under any circumstances whatever.

"I was already too far advanced. By stopping, I should have sacrificed a part of my troops and my honor. I put the letter into my pocket, and, at the head of six regiments of dragoons, I approached near enough to the Turks to perceive that they were all preparing to pass the Teisse. I returned to my army with an air of satisfaction, which

was, they told me, a good presage to the soldiers. I began the battle by rushing on two thousand spahis, whom I forced to fall back within the intrenchments. There were a hundred pieces of cannon, which incommoded me greatly. I bade Rabutin advance his left wing, inclining a little to the right; and Stahremberg, who commanded the right, to make the same motion on the left, thus to embrace, by a semicircle, the whole intrenchment: a thing which I would not have dared to do before Catinat, who would have interrupted me in so tardy and somewhat complicated a movement. But the Turks left me alone. They attacked my left wing too late; however, it would have turned out but badly, without four battalions of the second line, and the artillery, which I sent very opportunely to disperse their cavalry and to make a breach in the intrenchments. It was six o'clock in the evening: we commenced the assault. The Turks, attacked at all points,

Prince Eugene at the Battle of Zenta.
From painting by Eduard von Engerth.

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threw themselves in crowds on the bridge, which we blocked up so that they were forced to throw themselves in the Teisse, where all those that could not swim were massacred. On all sides were heard the cries of *Aman! Aman!* which signifies quarter. The slaughter continued till ten o'clock: I could not make more than four thousand prisoners; for twenty thousand men remained in the field, and ten thousand were drowned. I did not lose a thousand men. The first runaways, at the commencement of the battle, succeeded in joining the corps which remained on the other side of the river. This was on the 11th of September. I sent Vaudemont to carry the intelligence to Vienna. I proceeded to capture two phalanxes and some castles in Bosnia, to burn Seraglio, and returned to my winter quarters in Hungary.

"I set off for Vienna, where I expected to be received a hundred times better than I had ever been yet. Leopold received me in

the coldest manner; more austere than ever, he heard me without replying by a single word. I saw immediately that I had been circumvented during my absence; and that while I was getting rid of the Turks, the good Christians at Vienna were endeavoring to get rid of me. I retired indignantly from the audience. I was still more indignant, when Schlick came to me, full of alarm, to demand my sword. I put it into his trembling hand, with a look of the most profound disdain, which alarmed him still more. It has been asserted that I said, 'There it is, still smoking with the blood of his enemies; I consent never to take it again unless to be useful in the service of his Majesty.' The one half of this sentence would have been a gasconade, and the other half a base resignation. My rage was mute. I was put under an arrest in my own house. I now learned that Gaspard Kinsky and some others would have had me brought to trial for disobedi-

ence, and for having performed a bold and hazardous action; that I should be tried before a council of war, and that my head should pay forfeit. The rumor of this soon spread through the capital. The people assembled round my house, and deputies from the citizens offered to guard me, and to prevent me from being removed, in case it was attempted to carry me to my examination, as had been talked of. I entreated them not to swerve from their duty of fidelity and tranquillity. I thanked them for their zeal; and I was so much touched that I wept. The city of Vienna is small, and this assembly of the people was known at court a few minutes afterward. Whether from fear or repentance, the emperor sent my sword back, and begged of me to resume the command of his army in Hungary. I returned in reply that I would, 'on consideration of having plenary powers, and being no more exposed to the malice of

his generals and ministers.' The poor emperor did not dare give me this full authority publicly; but he did it secretly, in a note signed by himself, and I was contented with it."

Engerth's spirited picture of the close of the action fitly accompanies this. In the foreground we see some Turkish prisoners, with other sons of Islam lying dead at the feet of the conquering Eugene, while on the right a despatch bearer dashes off to Vienna with the joyful news of the victory.

The Ritter Eduard Von Engerth died in 1897, aged about eighty years, being at that time the director of the Belvidere Gallery in Vienna. Born in Pless (Silesia), he studied at the Academy of Vienna, and became a noted painter of portraits and of historical pieces. His paintings include "Haman and Esther," "Coronation of Rudolf I.," "Seizure of King Manfred's Family," "Coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary,"

"Death of Eurydice," and "Marriage of Figaro."

DESSAU

"His reforms in the practical discipline of troops were such that he is often called the founder of the modern system of military tactics." — HERBERT TUTTLE.

THE "Old Dessauer," one of Frederick the Great's best marshals, is credited with the invention of the iron ramrod and of the equal step, among other things of great use in their day to the world of war. He was, in fact, a sort of sublimated drill-sergeant, and made the famous Prussian infantry of his time what they were.

Carlyle's story of Leopold's courtship runs thus:

"As to the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, whose very face is the color of gunpowder, he also knows French, and can even write in it, if he likes, — having duly had a Tutor of that nation, and strange ad-

ventures with him on the grand tour and elsewhere, — but does not much practise writing, when it can be helped. His children, I have heard, he expressly did not teach to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could. His Princess, all rightly ennobled now, — whom he would not but marry, though sent on the grand tour to avoid it, — was the daughter of one Fos, an Apothecary at Dessau; and is still a beautiful and prudent kind of woman, who seems to suit him well enough, no worse than if she had been born a Princess. Much talk has been of her, in princely and other circles; nor is his marriage the only strange thing Leopold has done. He is a man to keep the world's tongue wagging, not too musically always; though himself of very unvocal nature. Perhaps the biggest mass of inarticulate human vitality, certainly one of the biggest then going about in the world. A

man of vast dumb faculty ; dumb, but fertile, deep ; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him : — as much mother-wit there, I often guess, as could be found in whole talking parliaments, spouting themselves away in vocables and eloquent wind !

"A man of dreadful impetuosity withal. Set upon his will as the one law of Nature ; storming forward with incontrollable violence : a very whirlwind of a man. He was left a minor ; his Mother guardian. Nothing could prevent him from marrying this Fos, the Apothecary's Daughter ; no tears nor contrivances of his Mother, whom he much loved, and who took skilful measures. Fourteen months of travel in Italy ; grand tour, with eligible French Tutor, — whom he once drew sword upon, getting some rebuke from him one night in Venice, and would have killed, had not the man been nimble, at once dexterous and sublime : — it availed not. The first thing he did on reëntering Dessau, with his

Tutor, was to call at Apothecary Fos's, and see the charming Mamsell; to go and see his Mother was the second thing. Not even his grand passion for war could eradicate Fos: he went to Dutch William's wars; the wise mother still counselling, who was own aunt to Dutch William, and liked the scheme. He besieged Namur; fought and besieged up and down, — with insatiable appetite for fighting and sieging; with great honor, too, and ambitions awakening in him; — campaign after campaign: but along with the flamy, thundery, ideal bride, figuratively called Bellona, there was always a soft, real one, Mamsell Fos of Dessau, to whom he continued constant. The Government of his Dominions he left cheerfully to his Mother, even when he came of age: 'I am for learning war, as the one right trade; do with all things as you please, Mamma, — only not with Mamsell, not with her!'

"Readers may figure this scene too, and

The Courtship of Leopold of Dessau.
From painting by Herman Prell.

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shudder over it. Some rather handsome male Cousin of Mamsell, Medical Graduate or whatever he was, had appeared in Dessau : — 'Seems to admire Mamsell much ; of course, in a Platonic way,' said rumor. — 'He ? Admire ?' thinks Leopold ; — thinks a good deal of it, not in a philosophic mood. As he was one day passing Fos's, Mamsell and Medical Graduate are visible, standing together at the window inside. Pleasantly looking out upon Nature, — of course quite casually, say some Histories with a sneer. In fact, it seems possible this Medical Graduate may have been set to act shoeing-horn, but he had better not. Leopold storms into the house, 'Draw, scandalous canaille, and defend yourself !' — And in this, or some such way, a confident tradition says, he killed the poor Medical Graduate there and then. One tries always to hope not, but Varnhagen is positive, though the other Histories say nothing of it. God knows. The man was a

Prince; no Reichshofrath, Speyer-Wetzlar Kammer, or other Supreme Court, would much trouble itself, except with formal shakings of the wig, about such a peccadillo. In fine, it was better for Leopold to marry the Miss Fos; which he actually did (1698, in his twenty-second year), 'with the left hand,' — and then with the right and both hands; having got her properly ennobled before long, by his splendid military services. She made, as we have hinted, an excellent Wife to him, for the fifty or sixty ensuing years. . . . Leopold's health is probably suffering; but his heart and spirits still more. Poor old man, he has just lost — the other week, '5th February' last — his poor old Wife, at Dessau; and is broken down with grief. The soft, silk lining of his hard Existence, in all parts of it, is torn away. Apothecary Fos's Daughter, Reich's Princess, Princess of Dessau, called by whatever name, she had been the truest of Wives; 'used to attend him in

all his Campaigns, for above fifty years back.' 'Gone, now, forever gone!' — Old Leopold had wells of strange sorrow in the rugged heart of him, — sorrow, and still better things, — which he does not wear on his sleeve."

One of Germany's ablest artists is Hermann Prell, who, born in Leipsic in 1854, studied under Grosse and Gussow, and in time was appointed a professor of the Dresden Academy. His "Judas Iscariot" is in the gallery at Dresden, and he has also painted a "Rest on the Flight into Egypt," "The Last Chase," and a portrait of William II. As a fresco painter, Prell has won much fame, his wall-paintings being found in public buildings in the cities of Dantzig, Worms, Breslau, and Hildesheim. His fresco of the "Battle of Gods and Titans" is to be seen at the Albertinum in Dresden.

CHARLES XII.

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire."
—DR. JOHNSON.

HIS Majesty Oscar II., the poet-king of Sweden and Norway, on the inauguration at Stockholm of a statue of Charles XII. (several years before Oscar's accession to the throne), delivered an address which has since been published in English. The statue was unveiled on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of the "Alexander of the North." In his address, Duke Oscar speaks of the brave conduct of the young king (then about fifteen), at the burning of the Royal Palace at Stockholm in 1697, and proceeds to say:

"It was on this occasion that Charles, for the first time, gave proofs of the possession of that presence of mind and energy which

The Burning of the Palace at Stockholm in 1697.

From painting by Johan Fredrik Höckert.

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subsequently rarely forsook him. His activity and courage increased his popularity; and when, reluctantly, he was compelled to leave the smoking ruins of his father's palace, — the threshold of which he was never again to cross, — in the applauding voices of the populace might have been heard a prophetic intimation of those events too soon to be accomplished, and destined so greatly to influence his future fate. . . .

"Never was a man more thoroughly suited than Charles XII. to inspire Swedish troops with courage, or to lead them to victory. Noble, just, and self-denying, and brave as a lion, he seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Every victory he won made his soldiers more confident in him; every danger he shared with them spurred them on to increased exertion. His enemies lost faith in their own good fortune, and the bow had to be very strongly bent before it finally snapped. The feelings that overwhelmed

the Swedish soldier after the battle of Pultowa were probably more of wonder that their king could have been conquered than of sorrow at the calamitous defeat.

"It would occupy much time to recount the many exploits in which Charles was himself the foremost; but to enumerate them is unnecessary, the remembrance of them being deeply graven in the heart of every Swedish soldier. None can without emotion picture the hero pressing alone through the gates of Cracow — which opened to the stroke of his riding-whip as if to an enchanter's wand — or storming the virgin ramparts of Lemberg at the head of a few hundred dragoons. Who has not read with wonder and excitement how, mounted on horseback, he forded or swam over rapid rivers, waded through bogs and morasses, or, almost alone, daringly ventured into the midst of the enemy's outposts; heedless alike of flying bullets, wintry chills, and the rough paths of the desert? Who has

not admired the example of fearless courage he gave to his soldiers when, during the siege of Thorn, he would not allow earthworks to be raised around his own exposed headquarters, because all could not enjoy the same advantage; or when, from the flames of his burning house at Bender, he rushed amongst the janissaries crowding the courtyard, that, at least, he might die a soldier's death; or when, at Stralsund, he heard, without turning his head, a shell explode close by the table at which he was issuing his orders? Who must not respect the commander who always shared his soldiers' hardships; and, that he might not suffer less than the meanest in his army, carefully avoided taking up his headquarters in the larger towns, where he could have enjoyed much needed rest and greater comfort? And, finally, who that knows the character of Swedes can wonder at the respect and love, bordering on idolatry, with which he was regarded by his army?

"He was the last of the Northern Vikings, and a halo surrounds his memory similar to that which gleams on the hero of ancient legend. To the adventures of both, Svea's sons even at this day listen with enthusiasm and pride."

We will append to the king's tribute to Charles, the spirited lines written by the Swedish poet Tegner, some of whose beautiful verse has been translated by Longfellow:

"King Charles, the conquering boy,
Stood up in dust and smoke;
He shook his sword for joy,
And through the battle broke.
How Swedish iron bites
We will make trial new;
Stand back, you Muscovites:
Forward! my own true blue!

"Not ten to one appal
The angry Vasa's son;
Those fled who did not fall:
So was his course begun.

He drove three kings asunder,
Who leagued against him stood,
And Europe saw with wonder
A beardless Thunder-god."

A life which extended over only about forty years was the lot of the Swedish artist, Johan Fredrik Höckert, who died in 1866. He passed some time painting in Paris, where he obtained a medal in 1855, and, being patronized by the royal family of Sweden, was made professor of the Academy of Fine Arts at Stockholm. Two of his pictures of Lapland peasant life are in the museum of that city. His other works include "Gustavus Vasa Rescued from the Danes," "Queen Christina Ordering the Execution of Monaldeschi," and "Bellman in Sergel's Studio."

MARSHAL SAXE

"I have seen the hero of France, this Saxon, this Turenne of the age of Louis XV. I have derived instruction from his conversation, not in the French language, but in the art of war. This marshal might be the professor of all the generals of Europe." — FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FONTENOY — fought in 1745 against the Duke of Cumberland — was Marshal Saxe's most famous victory. Hayward gives this account of it: "The battle was fought on the 11th of May (New Style), and a full official account of it is contained in a despatch from the marshal himself, dated Camp before Tournay, May 13th, to the minister of war. From this it appears that all fell out very nearly as he had anticipated; that the victory was the result of a preconceived plan; that he never despaired of the result; and that all the decisive movements were in pursuance of his personal orders adapted to the emergency.

The notion that he adopted as a happy hit the alleged suggestion of Richelieu to attack like foragers or sportsmen — that is, without regard to order — is preposterous. His distinct directions to the troops preparatory to the grand effort were to charge together and charge home:

"'Seeing our infantry (thus runs the despatch) the household (Maison du Roi), the carabineers, and a great part of the cavalry, much discomfited by the different charges they had made uselessly against the English infantry, I went to look for the carabineers, and told them they must make a last effort, that the preceding charges had not succeeded because they had advanced with too much vivacity, and had not given time to the diferent reserves that I had on my left to reach this closely formed battalion, which gave the English time to repulse one attack after the other; and that it was necessary to make the effort at the same time. Monseigneur

the dauphin asked my permission to charge at the head of the household. Judge, sir, of the uneasiness such a presence may occasion a general. In short, everything succeeded beyond our hopes.'

"The most vivid picture of the charge is given by Espagnac:

"'Marshal Saxe had ordered that the cavalry should touch the English with the breasts of their horses; he was well obeyed. The officers of the chamber charged pell-mell with the guards and the mousquetaires; the king's pages were there sword in hand; there was so exact an equality of time and courage, so unanimous an impression of the checks they had received, — so perfect a concert, — the cavalry sabre in hand, the infantry with bayonets fixed, — that the English column was shattered to pieces and disappeared.' . . .

"Espagnac also states that the Count de Loewendal, who held an important command, rode up to Saxe at the critical moment, and,

comprehending the plan and situation at a glance, exclaimed: 'This is a grand day for the king, marshal; those fellows there cannot escape him.' The marshal probably never calculated on the firmness and dogged intrepidity with which the English, denuded of support by the backwardness of the Austrians and Dutch, pushed forward to a position not much unlike that of the light cavalry brigade at Balaklava; and he had just ground for apprehension lest a panic should seize the officers or courtiers about the king; whom, for this reason, he was most anxious to remove. According to Loss, the Saxon minister, who had his information fresh from the fountainhead, the Duc de Noailles, commander-in-chief in the campaigns of 1743 and 1744, elicited a sharp expression of impatience from Saxe by speaking of the battle as lost; and the Duc de Biron's interference obviously arose from a misunderstanding of the plan. We know, at all events, that a

change in the position of some troops led to a murmured exclamation amongst the royal suite: 'The marshal is ill; his health is failing; his brain is getting confused.' Louis went straight to him, and in a loud, clear voice addressed him thus: 'Marshal, when I confided to you the command of my army, I meant that every one should obey you; I will be the first to set the example.'

"The marshal, speaking of the king, says in his despatch:

"'He did not disturb my operations by any order opposed to mine, which is what is most to be feared from the presence of a monarch surrounded by a court, which often sees things differently from what they are. In short, the king was present during the whole affair and never wished to retire, although many opinions were for that course during the whole of the action.'

"To this may be added the conclusive testimony of the king's private letter to

Cardinal Tencin, a copy of which was sent to Dresden by Foss:

"'We owe the victory we have just gained to the good dispositions of the Marshal de Saxe. He has taught us valuable lessons, if we are willing to profit by them, but I fear he will not be our teacher long, if he remains in his present state. It would be an irreparable loss for us, which I should sustain with regret, above all because I should not be able to reward the great services he has done us.'

"He was blamed for not turning the defeat into a rout, and it appears from the despatch already quoted, that, seeing the English cavalry advancing to support their infantry, he halted his troops a hundred paces from his battle-ground. His very words are: 'As we had enough of it, I thought only of restoring order amongst the troops engaged in the charge.'"

After the victories of Raucourt in 1746 and Laufeld in 1747, Saxe was also blamed

for not improving these successes, and probably with justice, as the Marquis de Valfons, one of Saxe's own staff, says: "The marshal was like all generals, too great in time of war to desire peace and secure it by too decisive successes." The Duke of Marlborough fell under the same suspicion; the temptation was certainly great. Saxe's own words were, "We are like cloaks — one thinks of us only when it rains."

Vernet's "Fontenoy" shows Louis XV. on a white horse, accompanied by the dauphin, facing Marshal Saxe, who is on foot and points with his hat to the trophies of victory in the hands of his soldiers. The bare-headed man on horseback behind Saxe is the Duc de Richelieu. Some Scotch prisoners and wounded men fill the left foreground, and on the right an old officer is seen embracing his son.

The galleries of the palace of Versailles contain numerous battle-pieces by Horace

The Battle of Fontenoy.

From painting by Horace Vernet.

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Vernet (1793–1863), one of the most noticeable being the "Taking of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader in 1843," which measures *sixteen by seventy-one feet.* The Louvre has his "Judith and Holofernes," and "Defence of the Barrier of Clichy." In addition to his many military subjects, Vernet was the author of some good pictures of Arab life, such as "The Post in the Desert," and "The Arab at Prayer," and also painted "Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican."

FREDERICK THE GREAT

"Napoleon did indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage." — CARLYLE.

IT was in 1760, during the fifth campaign of the Seven Years War, that the battle of

Torgau, a fortified town on the river Elbe, was contested.

Lord Dover describes it thus:

"The battle of Torgau, perhaps the bloodiest fought during the whole war, took place on the 3d of November. The evening before, the king is said to have assembled his generals, and to have addressed them in the following terms: 'I have called you together, not to ask your advice, but to inform you that to-morrow I shall attack Marshal Daun. I am aware that he occupies a strong position; but it is also one from which he cannot escape; and if I beat him, all his army must be either taken prisoners, or drowned in the Elbe. If, on the other hand, we are beaten, we must all perish; and I shall be the first to meet death. This war is become tedious, and you must all find it so: we will, if we can, finish it to-morrow. Ziethen, I confide to you the right wing of the army. Your object must be, in marching straight to Tor-

gau, to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, when I shall have beaten them, and driven them from the heights of Siptitz.' At the same time, the King of Prussia delivered to the generals present a detailed account of the order of march and of battle, to be observed on the following day, written with his own hand.

"The Prussian army advanced on the morning of the 3d, in three columns, through the forest of Torgau. Ziethen, as has been before mentioned, commanded the right wing; while the king, at the head of the left, advanced to attack the Austrians on their right flank. In passing through the forest, the Prussians met the Austrian general, St. Ignon, at the head of his regiment of dragoons, who were all taken prisoners. Ziethen attacked the cavalry of Lacy; while Frederick, at the head of ten battalions of grenadiers, commenced the combat with Daun. That general, aware of the advan-

tages of his position, had placed two hundred cannons on the slope of the hill; the destructive fire of which obliged the Prussians to retire with incredible loss. Of the ten battalions who were led upon this occasion to the charge, there only remained alive the next day two small battalions of three hundred men each. Fresh troops then came up, and made a fresh attack; and succeeded, for the moment, in gaining possession of the height, and in repulsing the Austrian infantry. But Daun did not suffer them long to enjoy this advantage; with his corps of reserve and cuirassiers, he drove them back into the forest. The Prussian cavalry then commenced a prolonged contest, in which, though at times successful, they were eventually worsted by numbers.

"Frederick, who seemed determined, as he had announced, to conquer or die, redoubled his attacks, and ordered Ziethen to approach, and support him: but the latter was too much

occupied in a doubtful combat with Lacy, to be of much service to his master. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Prussians had not succeeded in gaining a foot of ground, though they had lost great numbers of men. The king and Daun were both wounded; the former in the breast, the latter in the leg. Both armies were fatigued, and had exhausted their ammunition; and nothing seemed to remain to the Prussians but a disastrous retreat. Daun felt so certain of this result, that he actually despatched a letter to the empress queen, which contained these words: 'The just arms of your Imperial Majesty have to-day gained a complete victory over the King of Prussia.'

"At this moment, however, some of the Prussian soldiers, before the night finally closed in, discovered a sort of causeway between two ponds, leading to the hill, which the Austrians had neglected to guard. Colonel Möllendorf, with part of the troops of

Ziethen, passed it unobserved in the twilight; while General Saldern followed him with the infantry. The height behind Siptitz was taken by assault, and Ziethen and the king met victorious on the field of battle. Lacy made some vain attempts to regain his position; but the darkness of the night threw his soldiers into disorder, and prevented his offering any effectual resistance.

"The two armies passed the night under arms, and very near to one another; so much so, that many soldiers on both sides were taken, who missed their way, and fell among detachments of their enemies. A similar fate might even have befallen Frederick, for he relates himself that, in going to the village of Neiden, his escort heard the tramping of men and horses. On asking who they were, they received for answer, Austrians. The Prussians, upon this, fell upon them suddenly, and took them prisoners; and they found out that they were a whole regiment of pandours,

Repulsed at Torgau.

From painting by Robert Warthmüller.

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with two cannons, who had lost their way. Going a little farther, they, in like manner, stumbled upon a regiment of Austrian carabineers, whom they charged and put to flight.

"The King of Prussia occupied part of the night in sitting by a fire with his soldiers, conversing with them. One of the grenadiers, upon this occasion, said familiarly to him, 'I suppose, Fritz, after this, you will give us good winter quarters.' 'Not till we have taken Dresden,' replied Frederick; 'when that is done, you shall have them to your heart's content.' The king afterward retired into a village church, where he had his wound dressed, received the accounts of the state of the army, and gave his orders for the morrow.

"The loss of the Prussians in the battle of Torgau amounted to 10,500; of whom 3,900 were killed, 5,100 wounded, and 1,500 taken prisoners. The Austrians lost 17,000, of whom 3,000 were killed, 6,000 wounded, and 8,000 taken prisoners. Among the latter

were 24 generals, and 216 officers. Fifty cannons and thirty standards fell into the hands of the Prussians. The Austrians, as usual, claimed the victory; but that they did so without the slightest reason is evident from the consequences of the battle."

Robert Warthmüller, the painter of our picture of Frederick at Torgau, has in two other paintings depicted the king — one showing him overlooking the labor of some peasants who are digging potatoes, and the other portraying the old warrior beside the corpse of one of his field-marshals — Schwerin, often called the "Little Marlborough," who fell at Prague in 1757. At the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, Warthmüller was represented by a picture entitled "Evening."

WASHINGTON

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!"

— BYRON.

THE friendship of Washington and Lafayette was a memorable one. When they first met in 1777, the young Frenchman was but nineteen, while Washington numbered forty-five years.

The historian Sparks thus describes the circumstances:

"General Washington passed two or three days in Philadelphia, holding conferences with committees and members of Congress. It was here that he had his first interview with the Marquis de Lafayette. . . .

"When Lafayette arrived in Philadelphia he put his letters into the hands of Mr. Lovell, chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs. He called the next day at the Hall of Congress, and Mr. Lovell came out to him and said that so many foreigners had offered themselves for employment, that Congress was embarrassed with their applications, and he was sorry to inform him there was very little hope of his success. Lafayette suspected his papers had not been read, and he immediately sat down and wrote a note to the president of Congress, in which he desired to be permitted to serve in the American army on two conditions; first, that he should receive no pay; secondly, that he should act as a volunteer. These terms were so different from those demanded by other foreigners, and presented so few obstacles on the ground of an interference with American officers, that they were at once accepted. His rank, zeal, perseverance,

Washington's First Meeting with Lafayette.

From painting by Annibale Gatti.

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and disinterestedness overcame every objection, and he was appointed a major-general in the American army, more than a month before he had reached the age of twenty.

"Washington was expected shortly in Philadelphia, and the young general concluded to await his arrival before he went to headquarters. The first introduction was at a dinner party, where several members of Congress were present. When they were about to separate, Washington took Lafayette aside, spoke to him very kindly, complimented him upon the noble spirit he had shown, and the sacrifices he had made in favor of the American cause, and then told him that he should be pleased if he would make the quarters of the commander-in-chief his home, establish himself there whenever he thought proper, and consider himself at all times as one of his family; adding in a tone of pleasantry, that he could not promise him the luxuries of a court, or even the conveniences which

his former habits might have rendered essential to his comfort, but, since he had become an American soldier, he would doubtless contrive to accommodate himself to the character he had assumed, and submit with a good grace to the customs, manners, and privations of a republican army. If Lafayette was made happy by his success with Congress, his joy was redoubled by this flattering proof of friendship and regard on the part of the commander-in-chief. His horses and equipage were immediately sent to camp, and ever afterward, even when he had the command of a division, he kept up his intimacy at headquarters, and enjoyed all the advantages of a member of the general's family."

At the battle of the Brandywine, on September 11th of the same year that brought Washington and Lafayette together, the latter was wounded, and writing home to his wife on the first of the following month,

spoke thus of his friendship for the great American:

"Be perfectly at ease about my wound; all the faculty in America are engaged in my service. I have a friend who has spoken to them in such a manner that I am certain of being well attended to; that friend is General Washington. This excellent man, whose talents and virtues I admired, and whom I have learnt to revere as I know him better, has now become my intimate friend. His affectionate interest in me instantly won my heart. I am established in his house, and we live together like two attached brothers, with mutual confidence and cordiality. This friendship renders me as happy as I can possibly be in this country. When he sent his best surgeon to me, he told him to take charge of me as if I were his son, because he loved me with the same affection. Having heard that I wished to rejoin the army too soon, he wrote me a letter full of tenderness,

in which he requested me to attend to the perfect restoration of my health."

At the close of the year 1778, when Lafayette was about to return to his native land, Washington wrote him the letter which follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, 29th December, 1778.

"MY DEAR MARQUIS: — This will be accompanied by a letter from Congress, which will inform you that a certain expedition, after a full consideration of all circumstances, has been laid aside. I am sorry, however, for the delay it has occasioned you, by remaining so long undecided.

"I am persuaded, my dear marquis, that there is no need of fresh proofs to convince you either of my affection for you personally, or of the high opinion I entertain of your military talents and merits. Yet, as you are on the point of returning to your native country, I cannot forbear indulging my

friendship by adding to the honorable testimonies you have received from Congress, the enclosed letter from myself to our minister at your court. I have therein endeavored to give him an idea of the value this country sets upon you; and the interest I take in your happiness cannot but make me desire you may be equally dear to your own. Adieu, my dear marquis; my best wishes will ever attend you. May you have a safe and agreeable passage, and a happy meeting with your lady and friends. I am, etc."

Washington's letter to Franklin, written at the same time as the above, also serves to show the warmth of his feeling toward Lafayette.

"PHILADELPHIA, 28th December, 1778.

"SIR: — The Marquis de Lafayette, having served with distinction as major-general in the army of the United States for two cam-

paigns, has been determined, by the prospect of an European war, to return to his native country. It is with pleasure that I embrace the opportunity of introducing to your personal acquaintance a gentleman, whose merit cannot have left him unknown to you from reputation. The generous motives which first induced him to cross the Atlantic; the tribute which he paid to gallantry at the Brandywine; his success in Jersey, before he had recovered from his wound, in an affair where he commanded militia against British grenadiers; the brilliant retreat, by which he eluded a combined manœuvre of the British forces in the last campaign; his services in the enterprise against Rhode Island, are such proofs of his zeal, military order, and talents, as have endeared him to America, and must greatly recommend him to his prince.

"Coming with so many titles to claim your esteem, it were needless for any other pur-

pose than to indulge my own feelings, to add that I have a very particular friendship for him; and that whatever services you may have it in your power to render him, will confer an obligation on one who has the honor to be, with the greatest esteem, regard, and respect, sir, etc."

In 1784 Lafayette paid a visit to America, and on his return after the two friends had parted Washington wrote him a letter, in which he said, "I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you? And, though I wished to say no, my fears answered yes."

They never met again.

"Galileo" and "Molière Reading His Comedies to His Cook" are two subjects which have been treated by Gatti, an Italian artist who was born at Forli in 1828. He has painted frescoes in the palace of Madame

Favart in Florence, and in the Teatro Nuovo at Pisa, and two of his works, "Justice" and "Peace," were in the collection of D. W. Powers at Rochester, New York.

BLÜCHER

"Blücher, when praised for one of his victories, said, 'It is owing to my rashness, Gneisenau's prudence, and the mercy of the great God.'"

THE rugged Blücher never failed to do justice to Gneisenau's share in all his great military exploits. On one occasion he puzzled all present at a banquet by gravely announcing his intention of kissing his own head; he solved the riddle by rising and embracing that of Gneisenau. When the University of Oxford gave the degree of doctor of laws to Blücher, he wittily acknowledged his debt to his strategist by saying, "Well, if I am to be a doctor, they must make Gneisenau an apothecary, for he

makes up the pills and I then administer them."

The Earl of Ellesmere said of Blücher: "The only name connected with the great wars of our time, which we can add without scruple to those of Bonaparte, Wellington, Nelson, and Suwaroff, as likely to be permanently one of the household words of the world, is that of a man *longo intervallo* inferior to three of the four — Blücher. If we are right in this supposition, it does not follow that in respect of military skill and genius he can justly be ranked even with several of those lieutenants of Napoleon whom we have ventured to condemn to comparative oblivion. It is rather on the moral ground of his identification with a great national movement, of which he was the ostensible leader and representative, that he seems to us one of the legitimate 'heirs of Fame.'"

And Rose, one of Napoleon's latest biographers, corroborates this view when he says:

"The most inspiring influence was that of Blücher. The staunch patriot seemed to embody the best qualities of the old *régime* and of the new era. The rigor learnt in the school of Frederick the Great was vivified by the fresh young enthusiasm of the dawning age of nationality. Not that the old soldier could appreciate the lofty teachings of Fichte the philosopher, and Schleiermacher the preacher. But his lack of learning — he could never write a despatch without strange torturings of his mother-tongue — was more than made up by a quenchless love of the Fatherland, by a robust common sense, which hit straight at the mark where subtle minds strayed off into side issues, by a comradeship that endeared him to every private, and by a courage that never quailed. And all these gifts, homely but invaluable in a people's war, were wrought to utmost tension by an all-absorbing passion, hatred of Napoleon. In the dark days after Jena, when,

Marshall "Vorwärts."

From painting by Fritz Neuhaus.

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pressed back to the Baltic, his brave followers succumbed to the weight of numbers, he began to store up vials of fury against the insolent conqueror. Often he beguiled the weary hours with lungeing at an imaginary foe, calling out — *Napoleon.* And this almost satanic hatred bore the old man through seven years of humiliation; it gave him at seventy-two years of age the energy of youth; far from being sated by triumphs in Saxony and Champagne, it nerved him with new strength after the shocks to mind and body which he sustained at Ligny; it carried him and his army through the miry lanes of Wavre on to the sunset radiance of Waterloo."

At the battle of the Katzbach on August 26, 1813, where Macdonald was defeated by Blücher, the veteran, then over seventy years of age, well sustained his sobriquet of "Marshal Forward," when, late in the afternoon, he headed a dashing charge of Prussian and Russian cavalry against the French.

"The wearied conscripts gave way, fled pell-mell down the slopes, and made for the fords of the Neisse and the Katzbach, where many were engulfed by the swollen waters. Meanwhile the Russians on the allied left barely kept off Lauriston's onset, and on that side the day ended in a drawn fight. Macdonald, however, seeing Lauriston's rear threatened by the advance of the Prussians over the Katzbach, retreated during the night with all his forces. On the next few days, the allies, pressing on his wearied and demoralized troops, completed their discomfiture, so that Blücher, on the 1st of September, was able thus to sum up the results of the battle and the pursuit: two eagles, 103 cannon, 18-000 men, and a vast quantity of ammunition and stores captured, and Silesia entirely freed from the foe."

A German poet wrote these vigorous lines on the Katzbach fight:

BLÜCHER'S BALL

"By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance;
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the great bass viol an old German master famed, —
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wahlstadt, Gebhard Lebrecht Blücher named.
Up! the Blücher hath the ballroom lighted with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay, green carpets, that the dancing moistens there!
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and with Jauer;
Whew! he's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy northern shower!
Ha! the dance went briskly onward, tingling madness seized them all:
As when howling mighty tempests on the arms of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery, wants a pleasant dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly beats the old Teutonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the kettle-drum,

And, with crushing strength of arm, down lets the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Alemannia's envious foes
Smite the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shivering blows."

Nearly two years later, at Ligny, the indefatigable old hero again led his squadrons to the attack. His horse was killed under him, and in his fall badly bruised the field marshal, whose life was saved only through the devotion of his faithful adjutant, Nostitz. This was on the 16th of June, yet Blücher's order for the next day concluded, "I shall lead you again against the enemy; we shall beat him, for we must," words nobly redeemed on the 18th, as the world knows, at Waterloo.

Napoleon told Campbell, at Elba, that Blücher was no general, but that he admired the pluck with which the old devil came on again after a thrashing. Wellington said that

while Gneisenau was very deep in strategy, Blücher "was just the reverse, he knew nothing of plans of campaign, but well understood a field of battle," and added, "He was a very fine fellow, and whenever there was any question of fighting, always ready and eager, — if anything, too eager."

The painter of "Marshall Vorwärts," Fritz Neuhaus, was born in 1852, at Elberfeld, and is a pupil of the Dusseldorf academy. Among the canvases credited to him are "Ash Wednesday," "Scene from the Peasants' War," "The Prince's First Ride," "An Incident in the Youth of the Great Elector," "Hagen and the Mermaids," and "Frederick William I. Meeting a Company of Emigrants from Salzburg."

NELSON

"Whenever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson." — MAHAN.

"All agree there is but one Nelson."
— EARL ST. VINCENT.

NAPOLEON received his only wound at the siege of Ratisbon, where he sustained a slight injury to one foot. Wellington, like his great antagonist, was wounded but once — at Orthez, in the hip, not seriously; but Nelson suffered severely. During the siege of Calvi, in Corsica, in 1794, he lost an eye; at Teneriffe, in 1797, his right arm was so badly wounded by a musket-ball as to make amputation necessary; and in the following year he was struck on the forehead by a langridge shot at the battle of the Nile.

Surely the Portsmouth people saw a striking and pathetic spectacle, on that September day when the great admiral passed through

her streets for the last time, in the short, slight figure with the empty sleeve and the shining orders on its breast.

Clark Russell thus tells the story of Nelson's departure on his last voyage:

"At last came the 2d of September, on which day Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, arrived at the Admiralty with intelligence that the combined fleets had put into Cadiz. As early as five o'clock in the morning, Blackwood presented himself at Merton, and found Nelson up and dressed. On seeing Captain Blackwood, Nelson exclaimed, 'I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets, and I think I shall yet have to beat them.' . . .

"Nelson received orders to resume the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and on the night of Friday, September 13th, he left Merton forever. He made this entry in his private diary: 'At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I

could hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country; and if it is his good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of his mercy. If it is his good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that he will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind. His will be done. Amen, amen, amen.'

"No man can go forth to fight for his country without gloomy forebodings, not perhaps as to the issue of the struggle, but as to whether he shall live to return home. Sir Harris Nicholas considers that Nelson's mind was strongly impressed with the probability that he would never return alive. It is stated that before he left London he called upon his upholsterer in Brewer Street, where the coffin presented to him by Captain Hal-

Nelson Leaving Portsmouth, 1805.

From painting by Fred Roe.

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lowell had been sent, and requested that an attestation of its identity should be engraved on the lid, for, he said, 'I think it highly probable that I may want it on my return.' He was greatly moved on leaving Merton. About ten at night, a few minutes before quitting his home, he went to his child's room and said a prayer over her. He then bade good-by to Lady Hamilton, entered the chaise, and reached Portsmouth next day. It is very evident that Nelson was not a superstitious man, or he certainly would not have chosen a Friday, and the 13th of the month, for his departure, when by lingering another hour and a half he could have made it Saturday the 14th.

"All who have any knowledge of the life of Nelson will remember that wonderful scene of departure on the shore before he pushed off in his boat. He had hoped to elude the crowd by quitting the George Inn through a back way, but they were on the

beach waiting; they formed in procession after him. Southey tells us that many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed. When his barge pushed off the people wept, and cheered, and wept again. Nelson answered by waving his hat. Some waded into the water by the side of his boat. It was an extraordinary and pathetic picture. But then Southey has truly said, 'England has many heroes, but never one who so completely possessed the love of his fellow countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that with perfect and entire devotion he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and therefore they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England.'

"He was deeply touched by this demon-

stration of popular affection, and turning to Captain Hardy, exclaimed, 'I had their huzzas before — I have their hearts now.'"

At this time he wrote the following letter to Mr. Davison:

"Day by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the fleet to put to sea — every day, hour, and moment; and you may rely, that, if it is in the power of man to get at them, it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our anxious cruise. The event no man can say exactly, but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that, let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blench for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and his will be done. I have got some trifle,

thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it. Do not think I am low-spirited on this account, or fancy anything is to happen to me; quite the contrary — my mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe."

The English artist, Fred Roe, who painted Nelson leaving Portsmouth, is the author of several other historic pictures — "Joan of Arc," "Baptism of the First Prince of Wales," and "Philip IV. and Velazquez." "The Traitor's Wife," and "Consulting the Witch" are also works by this painter.

NAPOLEON

"Napoleon was indeed a very great man, but he was also a very great actor." — WELLINGTON.

AT the date of Friedland, the fortunes of the "Man of Destiny," then three years

emperor, were rising rapidly to their highest.

The day after the battle he wrote exultingly to Josephine at St. Cloud:

"FRIEDLAND, June 15, 1807.

"MY DEAR: — I write you only a line, for I am very tired by reason of several days bivouacking. My children have worthily celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Marengo. The battle of Friedland will be as celebrated for my people and equally glorious. . . . The battle is worthy of her sisters — Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena."

As at Jena, Lannes, whom Napoleon called the "Roland of the army," played a great part at Friedland. Bennigsen, the commander of the Russians, "crossed the river at Friedland, and sought to strengthen his position on the left bank by driving Lannes's vanguard back on Domnau, by

throwing three bridges over the stream and by crowning the hills on the right bank with a formidable artillery. But he had to deal with a tough and daring opponent. Throughout the winter Lannes had been a prey to ill-health and resentment at his chief's real or fancied injustice; but the heats of summer reawakened his thirst for glory, and restored him to his wonted vigor. Calling up the Saxon horse, Grouchy's dragoons, and Oudinot's grenadiers, he held his ground through the brief hours of darkness. Before dawn he posted his ten thousand troops among the woods and on the plateau of Posthenen that lies to the west of Friedland, and strove to stop the march of forty thousand Russians. After four hours of fighting, his men were about to be thrust back, when the divisions of Verdier and Dupas — the latter from Mortier's corps — shared the burden of the fight until the sun was at its zenith. When once more the fight

was doubtful, the dense columns of Ney and Victor were to be seen, and by desperate efforts the French vanguard held its ground until this welcome aid arrived.

"Napoleon, having received Lannes's urgent appeals for help, now rode up in hot haste, and in response to the cheers of his weary troops, repeatedly exclaimed: 'To-day is a lucky day, the anniversary of Marengo.' Their ardor was excited to the highest pitch, Oudinot saluting his chief with the words: 'Quick, Sire! my grenadiers can hold no longer: but give me reinforcements and I'll pitch the Russians into the river.' The emperor cautiously gave them pause; the fresh troops marched to the front and formed the first line, those who had fought for nine hours now forming the supports. Ney held the post of honor in the woods on the right flank, nearly above Friedland; behind him was the corps of Bernadotte, which, since the disabling of that marshal by

a wound, had been led by General Victor; there too were the dragoons of Latour-Maubourg, and the imposing masses of the Guard. In the centre, but bending in toward the rear, stood the remnant of Lannes's indomitable corps, now condemned for a time to comparative inactivity; and defensive tactics were also enjoined on Mortier and Grouchy on the left wing, until Ney and Victor should decide the fortunes of the second fight. The Russians, as if bent on favoring Napoleon's design, continued to deploy in front of Friedland, keeping up the while a desultory fight; and Bennigsen, anxious now about his communications with Königsberg, detached six thousand men down the right bank of the river toward Wehlau. Only forty-six thousand men were thus left to defend Friedland against a force that now numbered eighty thousand; yet no works were thrown up to guard the bridges — and this after the arrival of Napoleon with strong reinforcements

was known by the excitement along the enemy's front.

"Nevertheless, as late as three P. M., Napoleon was in doubt whether he should not await the arrival of Murat. At his instructions, Berthier ordered that marshal to leave Soult at Königsberg and hurry back with Davoust and the cavalry toward Friedland: 'If I perceive at the beginning of this fight that the enemy is in too great force, I might be content with cannonading to-day and awaiting your arrival.' But a little later the emperor decides for instant attack. The omens are all favorable. If driven back the Russians will fight with their backs to a deep river. Besides, their position is cut in twain by a mill-stream which flows in a gully, and near the town is dammed up so as to form a small lake. Below this lies Friedland in a deep bend of the river itself. Into this cul-de-sac he will drive the Russian left, and fling their broken lines into the lake and river.

"At five o'clock a salvo of twenty guns opened the second and greater battle of Friedland. To rush on the Muscovite van and clear it from the wood of Sortlack was for Ney's leading division the work of a moment; but on reaching the open ground their ranks were ploughed by the shot of the Russian guns ranged on the hills beyond the river. Staggered by this fire, the division was wavering, when the Russian guards and their choicest squadrons of horse charged home with deadly effect. But Ney's second division, led by the gallant Dupont, hurried up to restore the balance, while Latour-Maubourg's dragoons fell on the enemy's horsemen and drove them pell-mell toward Friedland.

"The Russian artillery fared little better. Napoleon directed Sénarmont with thirty-six guns to take it in flank, and it was soon overpowered. Freed now from the Russian grape-shot and sabres, Ney held on his course like

a torrent that masters a dam, reached the upper part of the lake, and threw the bewildered foe into its waters or into the town. Friedland was now a death-trap: huddled together, plied by shell, shot, and bayonet, the Russians fought from street to street with the energy of despair, but little by little were driven back on the bridges. No help was to be found there; for Sénarmont, bringing up his guns, swept the bridges with a terrific fire: when part of the Russian left and centre had fled across, they burst into flames, a signal that warned their comrades farther north of their coming doom. On that side, too, a general advance of the French drove the enemy back toward the steep banks of the river. But on those open plains the devotion and prowess of the Muscovite cavalry bore ampler fruit: charging the foe while in the full swing of victory, these gallant riders gave time for the infantry to attempt the dangers of a deep ford. Hun-

dreds were drowned, but others, along with most of the guns, stole away in the darkness down the left bank of the river.

"On the morrow Bennigsen's army was a mass of fugitives straggling toward the Bregel and fighting with one another for a chance to cross its long narrow bridge. Even on the other side they halted not, but wandered on toward the Niemen, no longer an army, but an armed mob. On its banks they were joined by the defenders of Königsberg, who after a stout stand cut their way through Soult's lines and made for Tilsit. There, behind the broad stream of Niemen, the fugitives found rest."

Born at Lyons in the Waterloo year, Meissonier became the painter of the military glory of Napoleon, and most famous among his pictures of the emperor at war is "Friedland, 1807," of which he said: "I did not intend to paint a battle — I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory; I wanted

to paint the love, the adoration of the soldiers for the great captain in whom they had faith, and for whom they are ready to die." These words Meissonier used in a letter written in 1876 to A. T. Stewart, who paid the artist a very large sum for the picture, which now belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Meissonier died in 1901, after a life crowded with successes and honors, and his statue stands in the garden of the Louvre.

As the eminent Frenchman pictured Napoleon in the days of his power, so it was perhaps natural that a leading English painter should portray him in his fall.

From the conqueror at Friedland to the prisoner on the deck of the *Bellerophon* — what a descent!

"Well may he look until his frame
Maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game,
Dominion or despair,

And lost; and lo! in vapor furled,
The last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

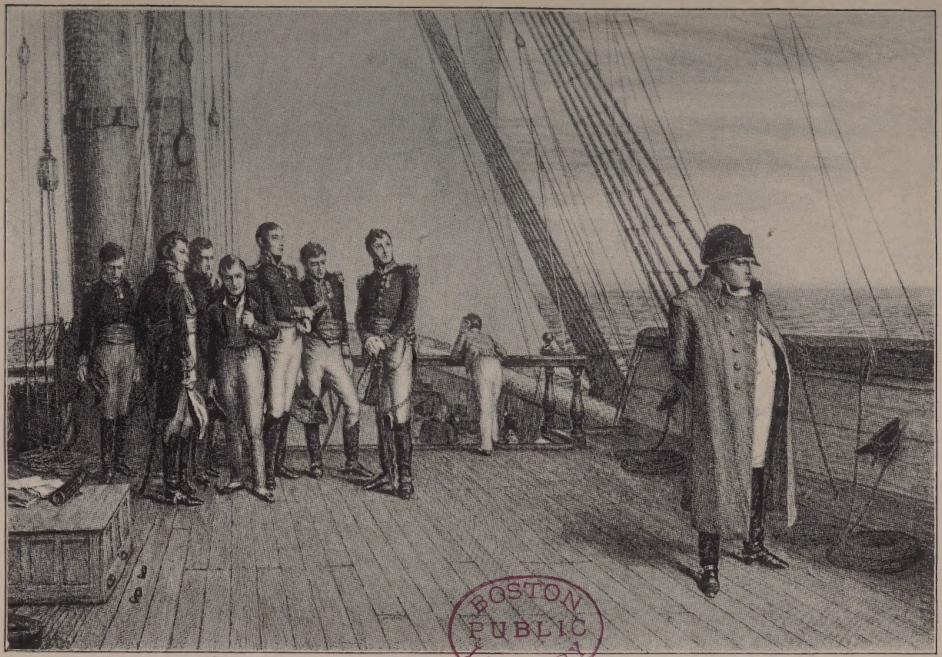
"He lives, perchance, the past again,
From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
His meteor-presence burst, —
When blood-besotted Anarchy
Sank quelled amid the roar
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
Eventful Thermidor!

"Again he grasps the victor-crown
Marengo's carnage yields,
Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down
Bavaria's thousand shields;
Then, turning from the battle-sod,
Assumes the Consul's palm,
Or seizes giant empire's rod
In solemn Notre Dame.

"And darker thoughts oppress him now, —
Her ill-requited love,
Whose faith as beauteous as her brow
Brought blessings from above.

Napoleon on Board the "Bellerophon."

From painting by W. Q. Orchardson.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Her trampled heart, his darkening star,
The cry of outraged man,
And white-lipped Rout and Wolfish War,
Loud thundering on his van.

"The white dawn crimsoned into morn,
The morning flashed to day,
And the sun followed glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way;
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muser cast his view,
While round him awed and silent stood
His fate's devoted few."

The scene is on the deck of H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, which conveyed the emperor to England on the 23d of July, 1815. It is a cold, gray morning, with a calm sea, off Cape Ushant, the ship rolling slightly. Napoleon, clad in the familiar gray coat (buttoned loosely over the green uniform of the Guards), stands taking his last look at the coast of France. Behind him are the officers of his suite — Colonel Planat, General Montholon, Surgeon Maingaut, Count Las Cases,

and Generals Savary, Lallemand, and Bertrand. The boy leaning over the poop rail is the son of Count Las Cases, who may be known by his short stature and civilian's dress. Captain Maitland, who commanded the *Bellerophon*, wrote: "Sunday, the 23d of July, we passed very near to Ushant; the day was fine, and Bonaparte remained upon deck great part of the morning. He cast many a melancholy look at the coast of France, but made few observations on it." Maitland's most interesting "Narrative" speaks thus of the emperor's arrival on board:

"At the break of day, on the 15th of July, 1815, *L'Epervier*, French brig of war, was discovered under sail, standing out toward the ship, with a flag of truce up; and at the same time the *Superb*, bearing Sir Henry Hotham's flag, was seen in the offing. By half-past five the ebb tide failed, the wind was blowing right in, and the brig, which was

within a mile of us, made no further progress; while the *Superb* was advancing with the wind and tide in her favor. Thus situated, and being most anxious to terminate the affair I had brought so near a conclusion, previous to the admiral's arrival, I sent off Mr. Mott, the first lieutenant, in the barge, who returned soon after six o'clock, bringing Napoleon with him.

"On coming on board the *Bellerophon*, he was received without any honors generally paid to persons of high rank; the guard was drawn out on the break of the poop, but did not present arms.

"Bonaparte's dress was an olive-colored great coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lapels turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts looped back with bugle horns embroidered in gold; plain sugar-loaf buttons and gold epaulettes; being the uniform of the Chasseur à Cheval of the Imperial Guard. He wore the star, or grand

cross of the Legion of Honor, and the small cross of that order; the Iron Crown, and the Union, appended to the buttonhole of his left lapel. He had on a small cocked hat, with a tricolored cockade; plain gold-hilted sword, military boots, and white waistcoat and breeches.

"On leaving *L'Epervier* he was cheered by her ship's company, as long as the boat was within hearing; and Mr. Mott informed me that most of the officers and men had tears in their eyes.

"General Bertrand came first up the ship's side and said to me, 'The emperor is in the boat.' He then ascended, and, when he came on the quarter-deck, pulled off his hat, and, addressing me in a firm tone of voice, said, 'I am come to throw myself on the protection of your prince and laws.'"

Orchardson's picture now belongs to the British nation, and since painting it, he has treated a closely allied subject — "Napoleon

at St. Helena Dictating his Memoirs." A Scotchman, born in 1835, William Quiller Orchardson has produced many canvases bearing transcripts of the men and manners of other times. He has painted several scenes from Shakespeare; his "Queen of the Swords" is from Scott's "Pirate," and his "Casus Belli" recalls the days of the Puritan and the Cavalier; while "Voltaire" and the "Salon of Madame Récamier" remind us of Frederick and Napoleon.

WELLINGTON

"The Duke of Wellington in the management of an army is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence." — NAPOLEON.

"NAPOLEON stands for glory, Wellington for duty," is hardly an unfair statement. Earl Stanhope relates: "I breakfasted this morning with Hallam, and met Mr. Webster — the justly celebrated American, whose ac-

quaintance I had already made the day but one before, at a dinner at Lord Stanley's. He told me that in his way out he had been reading two or three odd volumes of the 'Duke of Wellington's Despatches,' and had been greatly struck at their total freedom from anything like pomp or ostentation, even in moments of the greatest triumph. The Waterloo despatch itself contained nothing about 'victory and glory.' 'So unpretending was it,' said Mr. Webster, 'that Mr. Quincy Adams — who was our minister at London at the time, and who had a good deal of bitter feeling against this country, with which peace had only just been concluded — declared on first reading the despatch that it came from a defeated general, and that in real truth the duke's army must have been annihilated at Waterloo. This he seriously believed for some time.

"'What a contrast,' continued Mr. Webster, 'to Napoleon's rhetorical bulletins! One day

one read in them: We have thrown Blücher into the Bober! And a few days afterward one found that Blücher had somehow got out of this Bober and defeated Napoleon himself at Leipsic.'"

When in Portugal Wellington wrote, "I come here to perform my duty; and I neither do nor can enjoy any satisfaction in anything excepting the performance of my duty to my own country."

Tennyson's noble ode on the death of the duke says:

"Let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, — before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory."

And what a worker the man was! "There was enough in his daily work as commander of the forces and general administrator to unnerve and discourage any but the strongest, the most self-reliant and resourceful man. 'I work like a galley slave,' he wrote his brother at Cadiz, 'and yet I effect nothing.' He has given us a striking picture of himself,

The Last Return from Duty.
From painting by James W. Glass.

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drawn by his own pen, in those famous despatches of his, which bear such ample testimony to his generalship, his prescience, his masterfulness, and, above all, his unwearied industry and indomitable pluck. It will be seen that he did nearly everything himself; controlled every department civil and military, often created them or improved their machinery, dealt direct with their heads and with the British representatives at Lisbon and Cadiz. In all army matters, the business of his own profession, he of course showed himself thoroughly at home. He exercised the functions of command with the same intimate knowledge, the same minute attention to details, that have already been noticed in his Indian campaigns.

"This may at once be observed by a perusal of his correspondence, and the general orders issued from time to time, which were presently codified and printed for easy reference. Both *personnel* and *materiel* become

objects of his minute, painstaking care. Officers general and regimental, the rank and file, the interior economy of units, the marches, baggage, discipline, supplies and so forth, he touches upon all in turn, always thoroughly, often at great length."

"Nothing was too intricate, too small for his personal attention. It has been said of his despatches that they exhibit in a marked degree his extraordinary breadth of grasp. 'You might have fancied the writer of one letter to have been bred in a merchant's counting-house, of another that he was a *commissaire de guerre*, or a profound diplomatist, or a financier, or a jurist.' The day before the commencement of most important field operations, with a mass of most intricate miltiary details on his hands, he wrote two sheets of foolscap, in his own hand, to Sir James M'Grigor, on a disputed question of medical administration, explaining at length his reasons for differing with his principal

medical officer. Then Wellington invariably saw personally to the execution of his own designs and plans."

"Almost to the day of his death the duke was a real painstaking operative, a man of habit and hard work of the most varied kind. No one in England gave away more brides or had more godchildren. He rose early from his simple couch at Walmer, an old campaigning friend in Apsley House, a trucklebed, and went straight to his desk, where he dealt with his day's correspondence, taking every point in turn, and giving each that concentrated attention that was one of his greatest faculties. 'Rest! Every other animal, even a donkey, a costermonger's donkey, is allowed some rest, but the Duke of Wellington never. There is no help for it. As long as I am able to go on, they will put the saddle on my back and make me go.'"

Of the many pictures which have Wellington for their subject, one of the best was

painted by an artist in whom Americans should feel an interest. James W. Glass, whose "Last Return from Duty" shows the duke leaving the Horse Guards just before his death, was the son of an Englishman who was British consul at Cadiz, but his mother was a native of Virginia. Glass, born at Cadiz about 1825, was at first a topographical draughtsman in the United States, but deciding to follow art, he became a pupil of Daniel Huntington, in New York, in 1845, and two years later went to London, where he remained until 1856. During his stay there, the Duke of Wellington died, in 1852.

When Glass first applied to the duke for permission to paint his portrait, the proposal was rather coolly received, for, like other notables, Wellington was tired of sitting to artists. "How long do you want me?" he inquired. "Half an hour," replied the painter. From long experience, the duke doubted this, but finally agreed to sit, and in twenty minutes

Glass made a spirited sketch of his head, which so pleased Wellington that he consented to give him another appointment and to allow him to make studies of his horse. Aided by this, Glass produced the "Last Return from Duty," which secured much success and was bought by Lord Ellesmere, a duplicate being ordered for the queen. The artist then returned to America, but died in New York in 1857. He left behind him, among other works, "The Battle of Naseby," "Edgehill," "The Royal Standard," and "Puritan and Cavalier."

MOLTKE

"His industry and skill had been main elements in the creation of that mighty instrument of war, the Prussian army." — O'Connor Morris.

The latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed the work of some remarkable old men: William I., the German emperor,

who, born in 1797, did not die until 1888; his famous field-marshal, Moltke, whose birth took place in the first year of the century and who lived to be ninety; and Leo XIII., who is still (1902) filling the chair of the papacy, at the age of ninety-two. Gladstone, too, occurs to one as belonging in the same class, but he did not live to be a nonagenarian.

In Von Werner's picture of "Moltke at Sedan," the seventy-year old strategist, as he stands watching the progress of the battle, seems like a great eagle looking on his prey. The French, indeed, called him a *vulture*. "The memorable 1st of September had come; a day of woe and despair for France. It was still dark when the 1st Bavarian corps attacked Bazeilles, a suburb, near where the Givonne falls into the Meuse. The 12th Saxon corps had soon come into line, and assailed the hamlets of La Moncelle and Daigny, and the thunder of battle rolled along the space which extends before the

Moltke at Sedan.

From painting by Anton von Werner.

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southeast of the fortress. The French made a most stubborn defence, the marines of Lebrun displaying heroic courage, and the chassepot made its superiority felt in what was, in a great measure, a combat in streets. An unfortunate incident had already occurred: Macmahon, who had ridden to the front of the line, still hoping to find his way to Carignan, had been struck by the splinter of a shell, and he handed over the chief command to Ducrot, a lieutenant, in whom he justly placed confidence. Ducrot, we have seen, as far back as the 30th of August, had judged correctly that a retreat on Mézières was the only chance of safety for the endangered French, and he instantly gave orders that the whole army should fall back to the heights of Illy, and endeavor to force its way westward. This movement could not have conjured away a disaster, but it might have saved a large part of the army of Châlons; yet, at the supreme moment, it was

arrested by interference, unwise and calamitous.

"Wimpffen believed, like Macmahon, that the true course to adopt was to attempt to break through the enemy in front, and, by Carignan, to advance on Montmédy; and, assuming the chief command after the marshal's fall, he countermanded Ducrot's orders and directed the army to hold its ground. At this time the French still maintained their positions; they made repeated and vigorous efforts to fall on the Bavarians and Saxons, and so to force a passage and escape eastward. But the 4th corps of the Army of the Meuse had reached the field about nine A. M.; the Guards, who had had a long way to march, through a difficult and thickly wooded tract, had speedily joined in a general attack; the crushing fire of the Prussian batteries told decisively as the battle developed, and the pressure on the French proved impossible to withstand, as the line of fire became more

intense, and spread on all sides as far as Givonne. By noon the line of the Givonne was lost; the hamlets on it had been stormed or abandoned, and the 1st and 12th corps were driven backward into the valley to the south and east of Sedan. They rallied in this position on a second line, but their situation was already critical in the extreme.

"Ere long a tremendous storm had burst on the northwestern front of the French army. The mass of the Third Army had marched through the night, and by the early morning the 5th and 11th corps, the Würtembergers being some distance to the left, had reached the Meuse, and were crossing the river. Besides the principal bridge of Donchery, artificial bridges had been made — a striking contrast to Macmahon's negligence — for celerity was of supreme importance, and the Germans were arrayed on the northern bank at between seven and eight A. M. The march, however, to reach the position of

the French was long, and retarded by many hindrances; the great bend of the Meuse closed part of the way; the country was thickly covered by wood, and it was nearly eleven A. M. before the first troops of the 11th corps had reached St. Menges and Fleigneux, advanced posts of the 7th corps of Douay. Batteries were pushed forward to support the infantry, but the 5th corps was not yet on the scene; the Würtembergers were far distant, observing the roads that led to Mézières, and this indicates that had Ducrot's orders, given between seven and eight A. M., been speedily and thoroughly carried out, the Army of Châlons might have, in part, escaped, even if assailed in flank by a victorious enemy, and probably in the rear by the Army of the Meuse. The 7th French corps met the enemy boldly, and even attempted counter attacks, but St. Menges and Fleigneux were scarcely defended, and after a fierce and protracted struggle, Floing was captured, and the tri-

umphant Germans passed toward and seized the heights of Illy, nearly joining hands with the advancing Guards, who had occupied, we have seen, Givonne. An iron circle was closing round the French, but their disaster was ennobled by a fine feat of arms. The few good cavalry of the Army of Châlons made a magnificent effort to beat back the enemy, and, though they failed, some hundreds of these gallant horsemen contrived to effect their escape into Belgium.

"It was now three in the afternoon, and nothing could save the defeated French from the coming doom. To the east and southeast the troops of the 1st and 12th corps were gradually forced from their new positions, and were driven back on the ramparts of Sedan. To the north and northeast, the uniting columns of the Prussian Guards and of the 5th and 11th corps spread over the space from which Illy rises; and the routed 7th corps was scattered into the valley below.

The south of the French position was closed by the Meuse and by the 2d Bavarian corps, detached in the morning from the Third Army; and the converging enemies gathered in on the ruined host, pent in a narrow enclosure, like a flock for the slaughter. The 5th French corps shared in the universal wreck, and by five in the afternoon a huge coil had been drawn around an army still of 110,000 men. Every avenue of escape was barred; the cross-fire of five hundred guns at least carried death and despair into shattered masses fast dissolving into chaotic multitudes; and the lost battle became a massacre."

The silent Moltke has several times been painted by Von Werner, once as he appeared before Paris, once in his study at Versailles, and in other pictures. Many of Von Werner's works deal with the Franco-Prussian war. Among them are: "The Capitulation of Sedan," "Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon at Donchery," "King William of Prussia

Proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles, January 18, 1871," "The Congress of Berlin," "A Prisoner of War," "In the Quarters before Paris, 1870," "Luther before the Diet of Worms," and "Königsberg, June 18, 1701."

Von Werner, a native of Frankfort-on-Oder, where he was born in 1843, has received the honors to which his ability as a painter of history entitles him, being court painter and director of the Royal Academy of Berlin.

FARRAGUT

"Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, — where are they?
The waves their answer roll,
'Still bright in memory's sunset ray, —
God rest each gallant soul!'

"A brighter name must dim their light
With more than noontide ray,
The Sea King of the River Fight,
The Conqueror of the Bay."

— O. W. Holmes.

Did any great sailor before Farragut have a poet among his officers? The hero of

Mobile Bay had a true one in Henry Howard Brownell, his acting ensign on the *Hartford* at that time, whose "War Lyrics," published at the close of the Civil War, are much less known than they deserve to be. Brownell, who died not long after the great admiral, wrote, in his poem of the "Bay Fight:"

"From the maintop, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief —
'Go on!' 'twas all he said —
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the *Hartford* passed ahead.

"Ahead lay the *Tennessee*,
On our starboard bow he lay,
With his mail-clad consorts three
(The rest had run up the Bay) —
There he was, belching flame from his bow,
And the steam from his throat's abyss
Was a dragon's maddened hiss —
In sooth a most cursèd craft! —
In a most sullen ring at bay
By the Middle Ground they lay,
Raking us fore and aft.

"Trust me, our berth was hot,
Ah, wickedly well they shot;
How their death-bolts howled and stung!
And the water-batteries played
With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung;
So the battle raged and roared —
Ah, had you been aboard
To have seen the fight we made!

"How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship!"

In Loyall Farragut's life of his illustrious father, he says: "Let us turn to the scene on the flag-ship. On the poop-deck stands Captain Drayton. About him are the officers of the staff, — Watson, Yates, McKinley, and Brownell, — while Knowles, the signal quartermaster, identified with the *Hartford*, attends to his duties. We must not forget the three old sailors at the wheel — McFarland, Wood, and Jassin. They have been in

every engagement of the ship, and upon their coolness, in a great measure, depends its safety. And there stood the admiral in the port main rigging, a few ratlines up, where he could see all about him, and at the same time converse with Jouett, who stood on the wheel-house of the *Metacomet*, which was lashed alongside. Freeman, his trusty pilot, stood above him in the top. In contrast with this, the scene on deck, where the men worked their guns with a will, was one of animation. As the smoke increased and obscured his view, the admiral, step by step, ascended the rigging, until he found himself partly above the futtock-bands and holding on to the futtock-shrouds. The watchful eye of Drayton detected his perilous position, and, fearing that some slight shock might precipitate him into the sea, he ordered Knowles to take up a line and make the admiral's position more secure. Knowles says, in his simple narrative: 'I went up

Farragut.

From painting by Theodore Kaufmann.

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with a piece of lead-line, and made it fast to one of the forward shrouds, and then took it round the admiral to the after shroud, making it fast there. The admiral said, "Never mind, I am all right;" but I went ahead and obeyed orders, for I feared he would fall overboard if anything should carry away or he should be struck.' Here Farragut remained until the fleet entered the bay.

"The romantic incident of the admiral's being lashed to the mast has led to considerable controversy. (This discussion arose on the exhibition of a picture by William Page — a full-length portrait of the admiral at the battle of Mobile, which represents him as lashed in the futtock-shrouds. The picture was purchased by a committee in 1871, and presented to the Emperor of Russia.) The difference of opinion resulted from the fact that Farragut did not remain long in any one position. While the fleet was entering the bay, he was in the *port main rigging*,

where he was secured by the signal quartermaster, as before mentioned. But when the ram made her attack, he had returned to the deck, and when the *Hartford* was about to ram the *Tennessee*, he took up his position in the *port mizzen rigging*, where, as his flag-lieutenant (now Commander) J. C. Watson says, 'I secured him by a lashing passed with my own hands, having first begged him not to stand in such an exposed place.' It was no uncommon thing for him to show activity of this kind, and the sensible precaution suggested by his fleet captain, which he adopted, was an afterthought."

Corroboration of these statements, if any was needed, is supplied by Gen. James Grant Wilson, who in some "Recollections of Admiral Farragut," contributed to *The Criterion* (in April, 1902), wrote: "Early in the summer of the year following (1866) I accompanied the admiral on the annual race of the New York Yacht Club, and in the course of

the day a number of ladies, including Mrs. James J. Roosevelt, insisted upon his telling the story of his being lashed to the rigging of the *Hartford*, in the battle of Mobile Bay. 'Oh,' answered Farragut, 'some noise was made about that, but it was not as people told it. I had gone up aloft — to see better, — to get above the smoke of the ship's guns. I was as much at home there as on the quarter-deck. However, it sometimes happens that a man faints when wounded, and, to ensure me against a fall in such a case on the deck, an officer took a small piece of rope and tied me fast — that's all.' 'That's all' is delightful in its modesty. . . .

"The author of this article desires to say that he was assured by the admiral himself, that he was tied to the rigging of the flagship *Hartford*, in the Mobile Bay battle, by Quartermaster Knowles, in obedience to Fleet Captain Drayton's orders, who was apprehensive that, if wounded, Farragut

would lose his life by falling overboard or on the deck. Drayton corroborated this distinct statement, that he gave Knowles the order. The writer was also assured by the artist (Page) that, when painting the picture, in his Tenth Street studio, the admiral showed him with a small piece of rope how he was made fast to the futtock-shrouds by the quartermaster. It would seem that the foregoing, together with the admiral's account of the incident given to the ladies at the annual yacht race, should close this much discussed question."

William Page was not the only artist to paint Farragut in the rigging of the *Hartford.* Both Ehninger and Kaufmann chose the episode as a subject for their brush. Theodore Kaufmann, a German who was born in Hanover in 1814, and took part in the revolution of 1848, came later to the United States, and fought in our Civil War. In addition to the Farragut canvas, Kauf-

mann painted "General Sherman in Camp," "Indians Attacking a Train," "Slaves Seeking Shelter under the Flag of the Union," and a portrait of Senator Revels.

GRANT

"He won his greatest victory by the story of his life, told in words so plain, truthful, charitable, and eloquent that it will become as classic as the commentaries of Cæsar, but more glorious, as the record of a patriot who saved his country, instead of a conqueror who overthrew its liberties." — JOHN SHERMAN.

THERE are, of course, many accounts offered to those who wish to read of the last scene in the great drama of the Civil War. One of the best is that written by Gen. Horace Porter, who was present at the surrender of Lee, as one of Grant's staff, but the description given by the general himself in his "Personal Memoirs" must rank highest of all. He says: "I found him (Lee) at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox

Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. . . .

"When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

"What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely con-

The Surrender of Lee.

From painting by Thure de Thulstrup.

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cealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

"General Lee was dressed in full uniform, it was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a

man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

"We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down

their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said he had so understood my letter.

"Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials and commenced writing out the terms:

"'APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
"'April 9, 1865.

"'GEN. R. E. LEE,
"'*Com'd'g C. S. A.*

"'*General:* — In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of North Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and

men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

"'Yours very respectfully,

"'U. S. GRANT,

"'*Lieut.-Gen.*'

"When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms, I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there would be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to

me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which was important to them but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms. . . .

"I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further, I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them, and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule, to take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

"He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

"'HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"'April 9, 1865.

"'*General:* — I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

"'R. E. LEE,

"'*General.*

"'*Lieut.-General U. S. Grant.*'

"While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee. . . .

"Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox."

THE END.

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